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SCREENLAND

June

15¢

Betty Grable
Lets Her
Hair Down!

Esther
Williams

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He'll say "Kiss me...
Kiss me!" when you use **Tangee**



*A Kiss Coming Up in a Tender
Love Scene Starring*

PEGGY ANN GARNER

AND

LON McALLISTER

IN

"THE BIG CAT"

AN EAGLE LION FILMS PRODUCTION
IN TECHNICOLOR

Tangee **KISSABLE TEXTURE**

1. Keeps lips soft...invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right...gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily...so smoothly...so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS—and L-A-S-T-S!



Tangee **KISS COLORS**

TANGEE PINK QUEEN—The pink of perfection... makes lips exciting—inviting—irresistible to men.

TANGEE RED-RED—The reddest red of them all. Just what you need "to get your man."

TANGEE RED MAJESTY—No. 1 shade for brunettes! Sure to make your lips his "target for tonight."

TANGEE MEDIUM RED—Not too dark...not too light...but just right to tempt—and tease.

"You can't do this to me!"

BUT he *was* doing it—and doing it deliberately—breaking the biggest date of the year on very short notice! This was the party she had dreamed about . . . for which she had bought a lovely new evening dress and adorable new shoes.

Now he was calling the whole thing off with excuses that, to say the least, sounded phony.

Looking back at their last date she recalled that he had acted strangely indifferent. What had she said to merit such treatment then? What had she done to deserve it now? The more she searched for an explanation the further she got from the truth*.

Are You Sure?

Unpleasant breath (halitosis*) is the offense unpardonable . . . a hurdle that is hard for romance to clear. The insidious thing about it is that you, yourself, may not realize when you have it. Moreover, it may be

present one day and absent the next.

So why take your breath for granted—*ever*? Why risk putting yourself in a bad light when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful, *extra-careful* precaution against offending?

Lasting Protection.

You simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and, lo, your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. Not for seconds. Not for minutes. But for hours, usually.

If you want to be at your best, don't rely on makeshifts. Put your trust in Listerine Antiseptic—the *extra-careful*, lasting precaution. Use it night and morning and before every date where you want to be at your best.

Most cases of simple bad breath yield readily to Listerine Antiseptic; cases of systemic origin are for your doctor to treat.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

Before any date

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

to help you be at your best

P.S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl... so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not dry out.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arrid is *in every way* the finest cream deodorant you've ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

Don't be half-safe. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

SCREENLAND

J. FRED HENRY, Publisher

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Art Director

STANLEY M. COOK
Production Manager

Exclusive Photos by PICTORY

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ON THE COVER, ESTHER WILLIAMS, STARRING IN
"NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER," AN MGM PRODUCTION

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FRED ASTAIRE • GINGER ROGERS

JOYOUSLY REUNITED IN M.G.M.'S NEW TECHNICOLOR MUSICAL

THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY

WITH
OSCAR LEVANT
BILLIE BURKE • GALE ROBBINS
JACQUES FRANCOIS

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

Original Screen Play by **BETTY COMDEN** and **ADOLPH GREEN**
Music by **HARRY WARREN** • Lyrics by **IRA GERSHWIN**

Musical Numbers Directed by **ROBERT ALTON**

Directed by **CHARLES WALTERS** • Produced by **ARTHUR FREED**

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

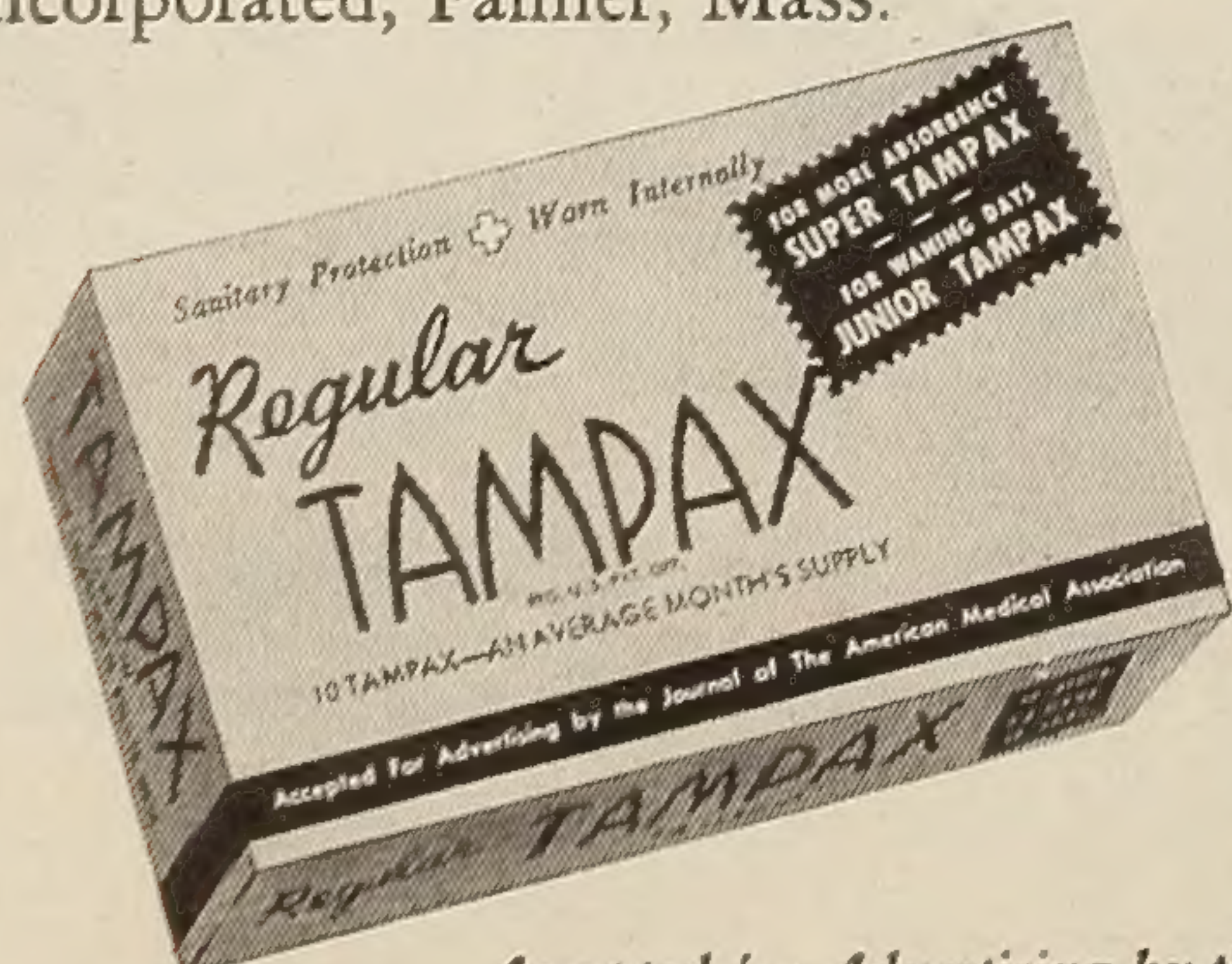
SCREENLAND



Quite naturally, when a product appears which is *completely unlike* past methods, your first thought may be "Is it really meant for *me*?" or "I wonder if I am any different"...Well, *Tampax* is just such a revolutionary product in the field of monthly sanitary protection—and here are some facts to help you make up your mind about it.

Tampax has been adopted by millions (yes, *millions*) of women. Very popular among trained nurses for their personal use. Invented by a physician; designed to be worn *internally*. Only one-ninth the bulk of older kinds. No belts, no pins, no external pads. Causes no odor, no chafing. No bother to dispose of.

Tampax relieves embarrassment and mental strain at such times for all classes of women—college students, secretaries, housewives, nurses, vacationers...Buy *Tampax* today at your drug or notion counter. It's made of pure surgical cotton contained in patented individual applicators. Three absorbency-sizes for varying needs. Full month's average supply goes into purse. (Also 4-months economy box.) *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the
Journal of the American Medical Association



Cobina Wright greets Van Johnson and Loretta Young, currently co-starred in "Mother Is A Freshman," at the Ted Fio Rito opening in the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Cobina Wright's PARTY GOSSIP

THE Spring and Summer crop of visitors to Hollywood from abroad have had hostesses vying with one another in staging some of the most unusual parties of the year.

Titled travelers to the film colony, par-

ticularly find themselves being feted, because our film stars like to show British aristocracy how much fun informal parties can be.

In turn many of these lords and ladies, dukes and duchesses, get a kick out of



Rosalind Russell and Eric Johnston were in same party at Beverly Hills Hotel fete.

Irene Dunne's wit tickles Bob Montgomery at another dinner party at lavish opening.



the roar of a mob...



relentless footsteps...



the death-rattle of a tommy-gun...



the terrific impact of a great motion picture...

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

**JENNIFER
JONES**

**JOHN
GARFIELD**

**PEDRO
ARMENDARIZ**

in JOHN HUSTON'S

WE WERE STRANGERS

with Gilbert Roland · Ramon Novarro · Wally Cassell · David Bond · Screen Play by PETER VIERTEL and JOHN HUSTON
from Robert Sylvester's novel, 'ROUGH SKETCH' · AN HORIZON PRODUCTION · Directed by JOHN HUSTON · Produced by S. P. EAGLE

Cobina Wright's PARTY GOSSIP



The lovebirds at Mocambo are Producer William Dozier and his missus, Joan Fontaine.

taking off their titles and tiaras and joining in the kind of impromptu gaiety they would never find in a stiff London drawing room.

* * *

THE other evening Betty and Bob Montgomery hosted a party for Lord and Lady Harcourt and the British couple claimed that they couldn't remember when they had had such a good time.

After a sumptuous buffet in their Bel-Air home, Bob showed us his famous collection of caricatures by the witty English cartoonist, Max Beerbohm, who had presented Bob with a whole set of original cartoons. In fact, Beerbohm himself burned the only other copy so that Bob would have the original volume.

After that sample of British humor, Bob Hope got up and did a hilarious monologue for a taste of American wit. Finally, Alexis Smith, Craig Stevens, Joan Fontaine, Bill Dozier and the Edgar Bergens all gathered around Mrs. Bob Hope and persuaded the beautiful Dolores to sing some old favorites like "Tea For Two" and "All The Things You Are." I had forgotten that Dolores was formerly in show business and what a charming voice she has! Anyway, this really got the ball rolling and all the guests contributed to the fun. Walter Pidgeon sang his famous "Fly Song," while Hank Potter had Adolphe Menjou and the Elliott Nugents in hysterics with his "No Nose Is Good Nose" impersonation of Jimmy Durante. Although she doesn't like to perform at parties, this one was so lively that even Irene Dunne broke down and sang two songs, including a Norwegian lullaby she learned while she was studying for the role of "I Remember Mama!"

But I think the highlight came when Bob Montgomery brought out a record of "Hot Pretzels," the old-fashioned British ditty, to which they have set dance steps—something like the old "Lambeth Walk," and which has become the rage of Hollywood. While Bob exclaimed that he was really a "round peg in a square dance," he and his young daughter, Elizabeth, staged a terrific demonstration of this new polka. This brought the George Murphys to the floor and soon all the guests—including Lord and Lady Harcourt—were doing the "Hot Pretzels!"

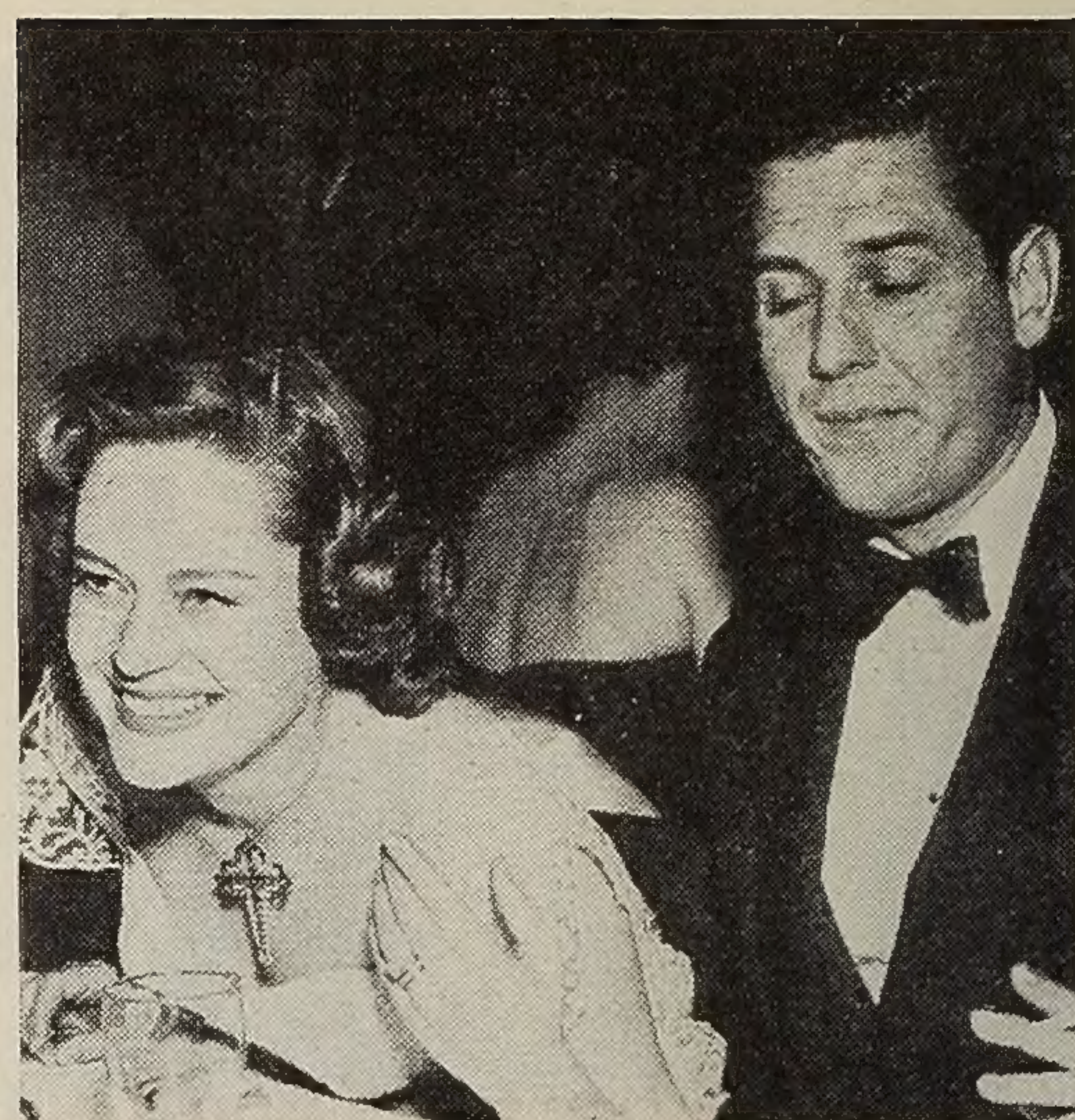
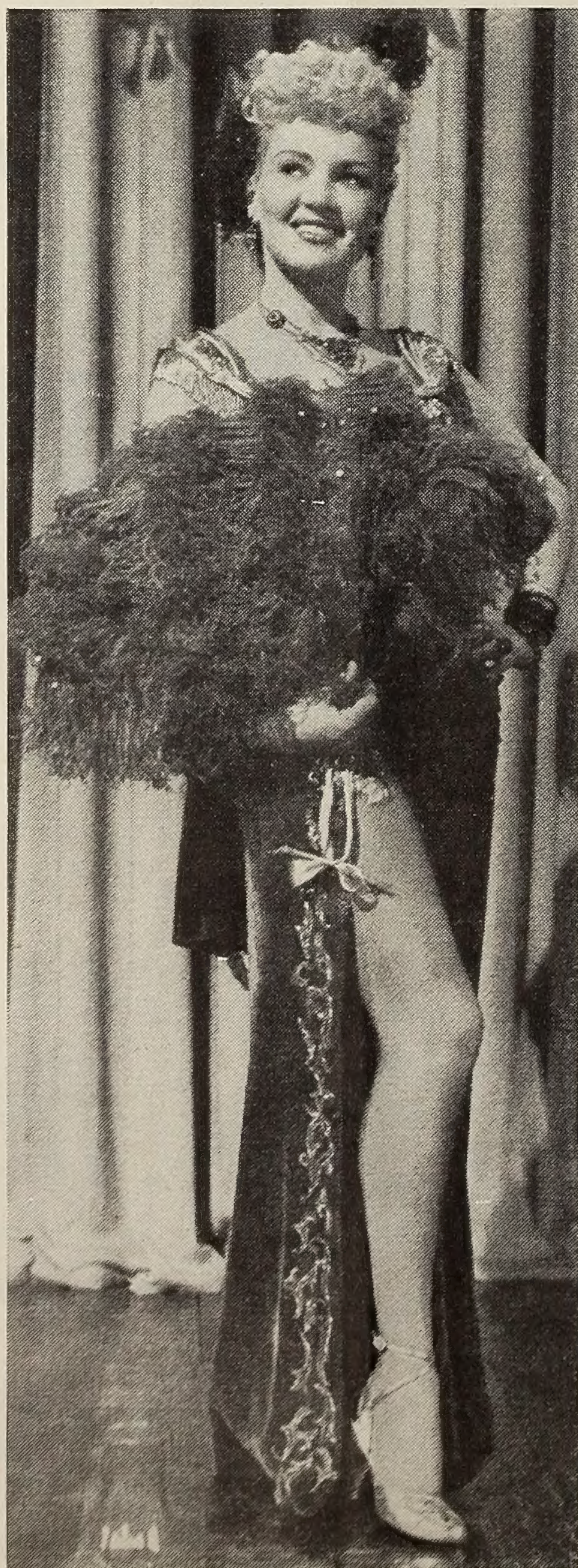
* * *

For a climax Ginger Rogers and Jimmy Cagney went into an old vaudeville "soft shoe" routine with all the "take it from there" gestures and minstrel show patter. It stopped the show but not the party, which went on into the wee small ones!

* * *

DESIGNED to give an impromptu spirit to a carefully planned party, Errol Flynn went to great lengths to provide fun for his guests at his recent party.

"The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend" is none other than Betty Grable herself.



Craig Stevens drowns but his wife, Alexis Smith, sparkles during Ted Fio Rito opening.

He had a miniature glass racetrack built in the patio of his Mulholland Drive home, which overlooks San Fernando Valley from the mountains to the sea.

* * *

Then Flynn, who always has original ideas, went out and got a lot of white mice and had a "mouse-race" for the three hundred friends he had invited. He had race cards printed up and named each entry after a guest. There was one for Ava Gardner, which stated that the entry was "in fine form," another for Greer Garson who, according to the consensus, was "running at the top." Joan Crawford pointed out to me that hers said she was "always a winner." Everyone was kidding one another about their entries and bragging about their fine points—"pink nose" or "sharp eye" or "long tail," but the funniest thing is what Flynn told me himself about his mice.

* * *

It seems that he was so anxious for the races to go off smoothly that he decided to hold a rehearsal the afternoon of the party. Well, everything was fine except that the mice wouldn't come out of their miniature stalls!

Nothing could induce them to run.

In desperation Errol hopped in his car and raced over to the University at Westwood. He went into the laboratory and presented his problem to a psychol-

Ray Milland's story amuses Mrs. Bill Seiter (Marion Nixon) at Beverly Hills Hotel party.



'MILDRED PIERCE' DOES IT AGAIN...and everybody tells!

JOAN CRAWFORD



A
WRONG
GIRL
FOR THE
RIGHT SIDE
OF THE
TRACKS!

"See
you
on
Flamingo Road"

**WARNER
BROS.**
bring you
the bold
best-seller!

FLAMINGO ROAD

ALSO STARRING
ZACHARY SCOTT SYDNEY
GREENSTREET
DAVID BRIAN

SCREEN PLAY BY
ROBERT WILDER
ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE
BY EDMUND H. NORTH
BASED ON A PLAY BY
ROBERT AND SALLY WILDER



DIRECTED BY
MICHAEL CURTIZ
PRODUCED BY
JERRY WALD



SCREENLAND

BONWIT

Shop
with the
Stars



**Print Dress
with Jacket
... 9.95**



This cool summery rayon print—topped by fitted faille jacket with pert pep-lum. Shed the jacket, add gloves and a flower, you'll look your best for any date! Pink, maize, or aqua print with black jacket, mist grey with brown. Sizes 9, 11, 13, 15, 17.

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BONWIT 8519 Sunset Blvd. Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me _____ Jacket Dresses at \$9.95 each.

Sizes _____ Color _____ 2nd Choice _____

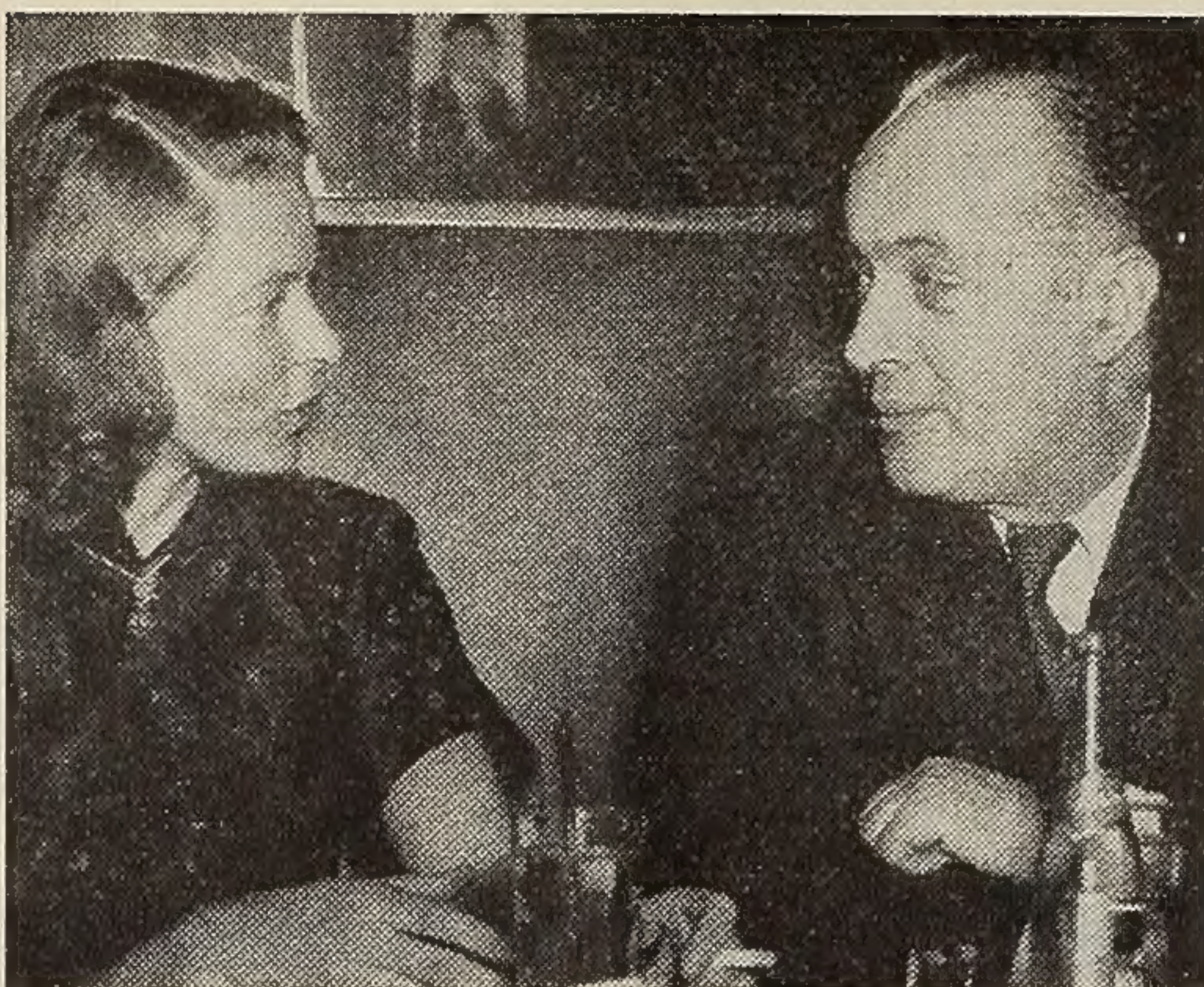
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Name _____

Street _____

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Shop talk was heavy when Ingrid Bergman dined with Charles Boyer while in New York.

ogy professor, who gave the matter some thought. Finally he told Flynn to wait and went out. When he came back he had a small box containing a chemical. "Mr. Flynn," he said. "Try this. We use this in laboratory maze tests to make the mice run. It's a chemical that has the odor of cats!"

So before every race, that night, Flynn put a drop in each box and you should have seen those mice scurry!

* * *

Nora Flynn was conspicuous by her absence. Errol had invited his estranged wife, but she left that day for Las Vegas with crooner Dick Haymes to file for



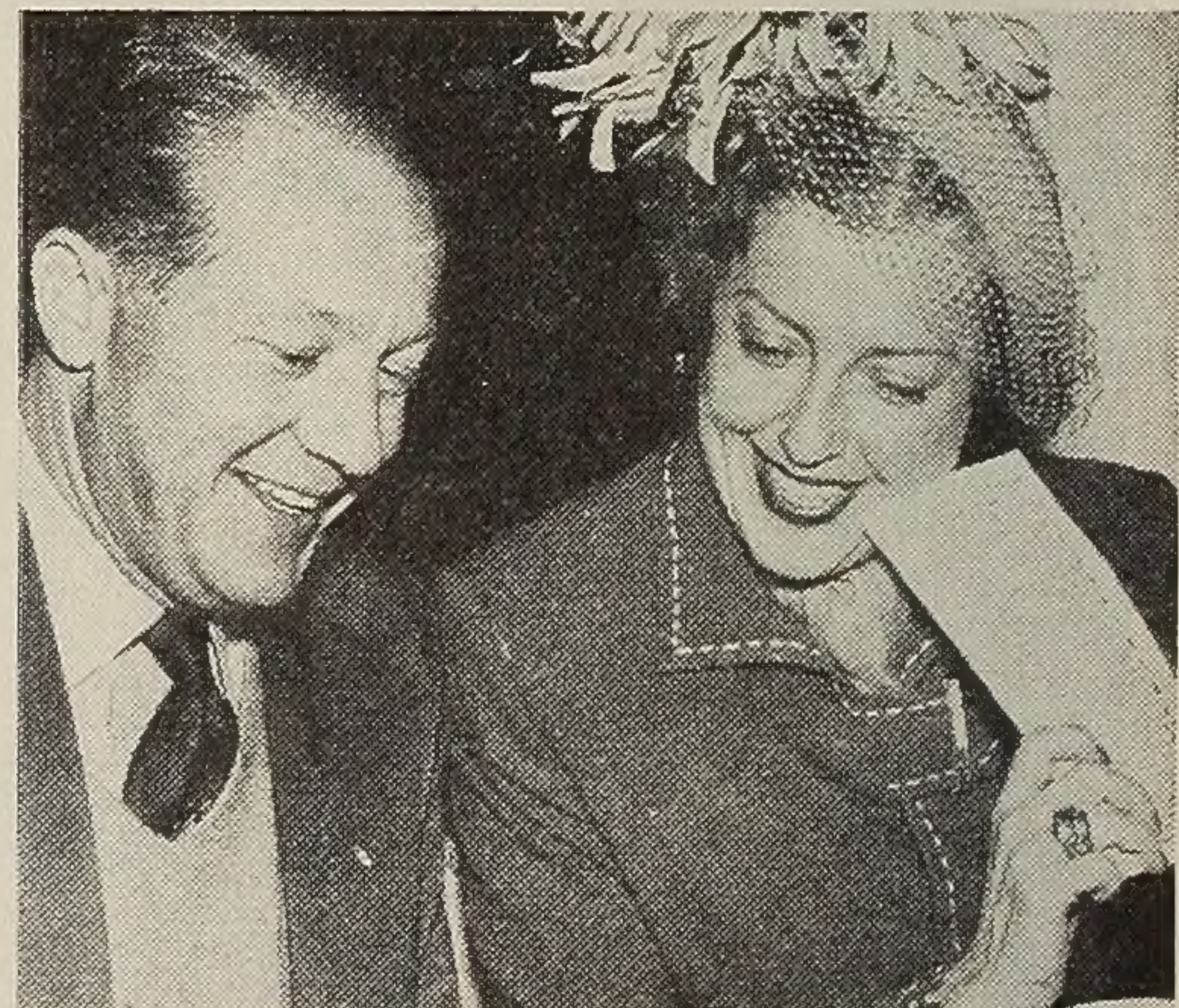
At the Waldorf-Astoria's Wedgwood Room are Celeste Holm, hubby Schuyler Dunning.

**Cobina Wright's
PARTY GOSSIP**

divorce. I must say if Errol felt badly, he hid it well and gave one of his best performances as a host!

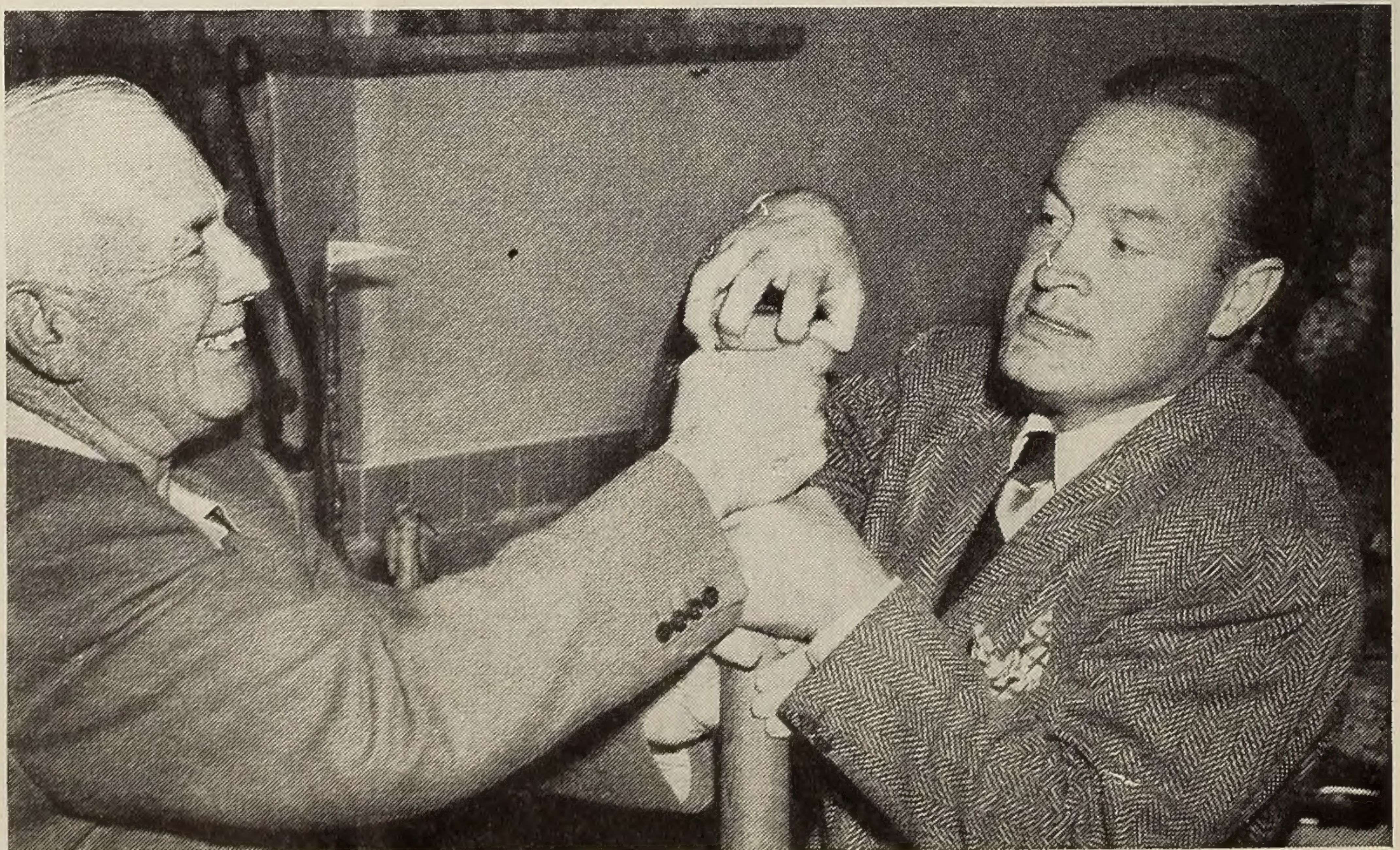
* * *

ONE of the most lavish filmland parties of recent months took place not in Hollywood, but in Houston, Texas, where Glenn McCarthy transplanted literally a trainload of stars for the premiere of his first picture, "The Green Promise," as well as for the opening of his \$20,000,000 hotel—the Shamrock. Since we weren't able to go by train, Buddy Rogers, Bob Stack, Robert Preston and myself all flew down aboard a special DC-6 to join Dorothy Lamour, Arlene Dahl, Bob Cummings, Ginger Rogers, and Sonja Henie and the host of other film favorites who were there to help host oil-man McCarthy celebrate. Of course, as it has been so widely reported, there were some hitches in the first night plans—especially radio trouble—but the fete was a huge success and (Please turn to page 71)



Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald picked a lucky long shot at the Santa Anita races.

While the Cleveland Indians were in training at Tucson, Arizona, Bob Hope, an Indian's stockholder, visited them and got into a "bat brawl" with genial Tris Speaker, coach of the team.





The Judge is sweet
as husbands go,
and as husbands go
... he went!



She's just what the
doctor ordered to
make the Judge forget...
and give him
something to remember!

They're out of this world,
and sitting pretty
in sunny California
... while Boston *burns*!



The Judge Steps Out *and how!*

RKO
PRESENTS

ALEXANDER KNOX · ANN SOTHERN
in
The Judge Steps Out

with
GEORGE TOBIAS · SHARYN MOFFETT · FLORENCE BATES · FRIEDA INESCORT · MYRNA DELL

Produced by MICHEL KRAIKE · Directed by BORIS INGSTER
Screen Play by BORIS INGSTER and ALEXANDER KNOX

R K O
RADIO
PICTURES

SCREENLAND

11

MY HAIR
NEEDS
COLOR
TO GLORIFY
ITS NATURAL
SHADE



I WANT
MORE
LUSTRE
WITHOUT
ADDED
COLOR



There is a GOLDEN GLINT *Rinse* for BOTH!

GOLDEN GLINT RINSE gives the finishing touch to your shampoo. Whether you want added brightness to glorify your natural hair color . . . or whether you merely want cleaner, more lustrous hair without added color, there is a Golden Glint Rinse for you.

Golden Glint Lustre Rinse (colorless) dissolves dulling soap and hard-water film instantly. Tangles and snarls vanish. The natural color and lustre of your hair is revealed in all its glory, and your hair is so responsive to your comb that setting it is no problem.

Each of the eleven other shades matches a natural hair color, adding just a whisper of true color for a tiny tint highlight. Whether your hair is raven black, platinum blonde or any shade between, there is a RIGHT shade of Golden Glint Rinse for you. The color shampoos out, but will not rub off.

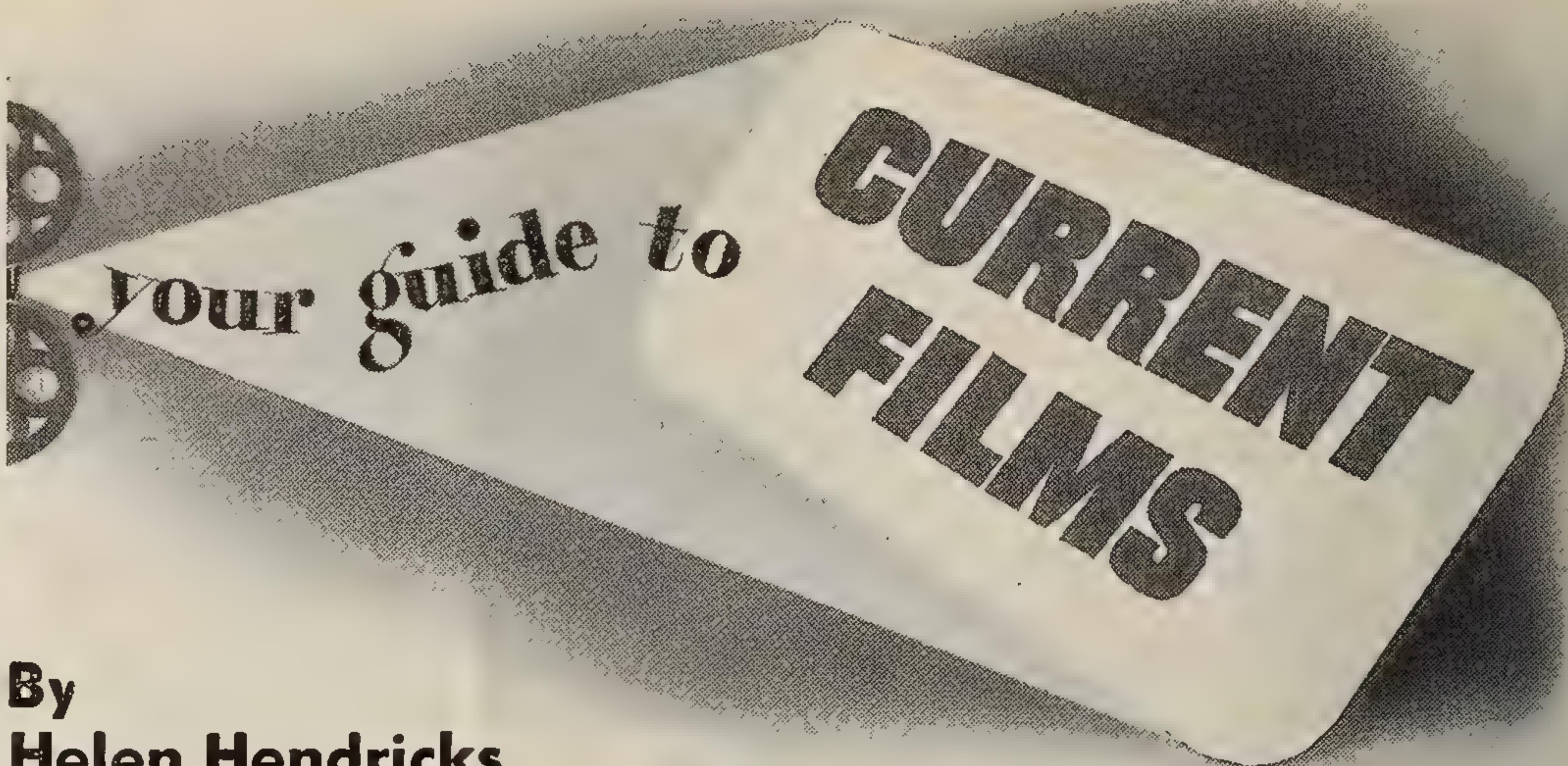
SIMPLE, EASY TO USE

A Golden Glint Rinse after your permanent leaves the curls tight, but the dull lifelessness of your wave is gone. Even hair that changes color an inch or so from the scalp can be naturally blended with a color rinse.

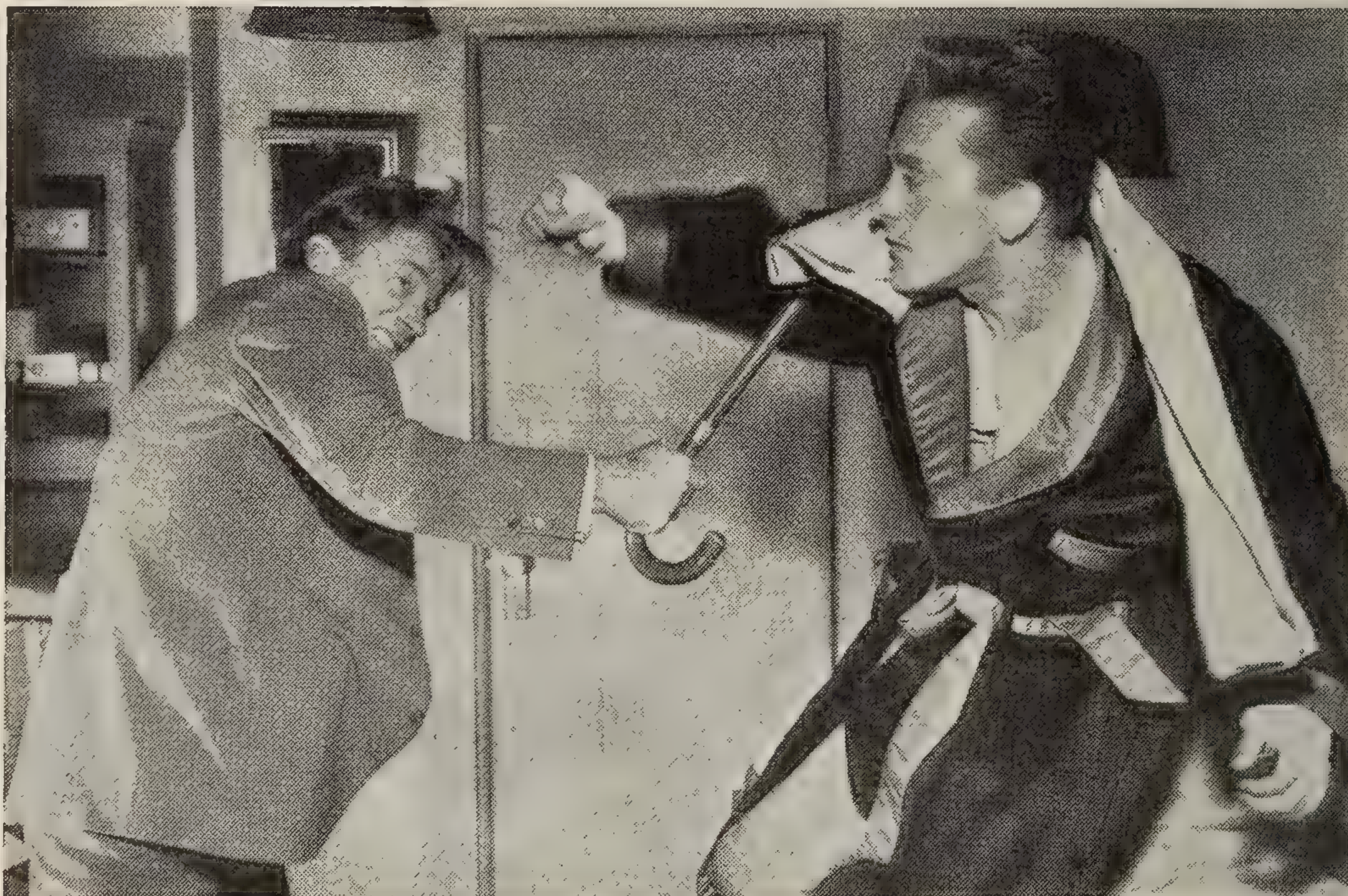
So simple, so easy, so economical to use, Golden Glint should be a regular part of your shampoo. Buy a package today. Try it tonight. A single rinse will show you why America's loveliest women have bought over 60 million packages.

5 RINSES, 25¢—2 RINSES, 10¢

SEE COLOR CHART AT
COSMETIC COUNTERS IN
DRUG OR DIME STORES



By
Helen Hendricks



Sickened by Kirk Douglas' cruelty in "Champion," his brother, Arthur Kennedy, turns against him.

Champion

United Artists Release

SLIGHTLY terrific becomes a mediocre description for Kirk Douglas in a film packed, in more ways than one, with a broadside of socks. Based on a story by Ring Lardner, Kirk is a bitter, fast-tempered lad who can punch his

way out of any situation. When he runs into several things which can't be handled with brute force, such as: disappointment, poverty and a forced marriage to Ruth Roman, his bitterness turns to fury. Forcing fate to change, Kirk talks a fight manager into taking him on and training him for main eventers. At first, his object is to make money, and be somebody. However, with each win-

Loretta Young, in "Mother Is A Freshman," finds Professor Van Johnson's class the most fun.





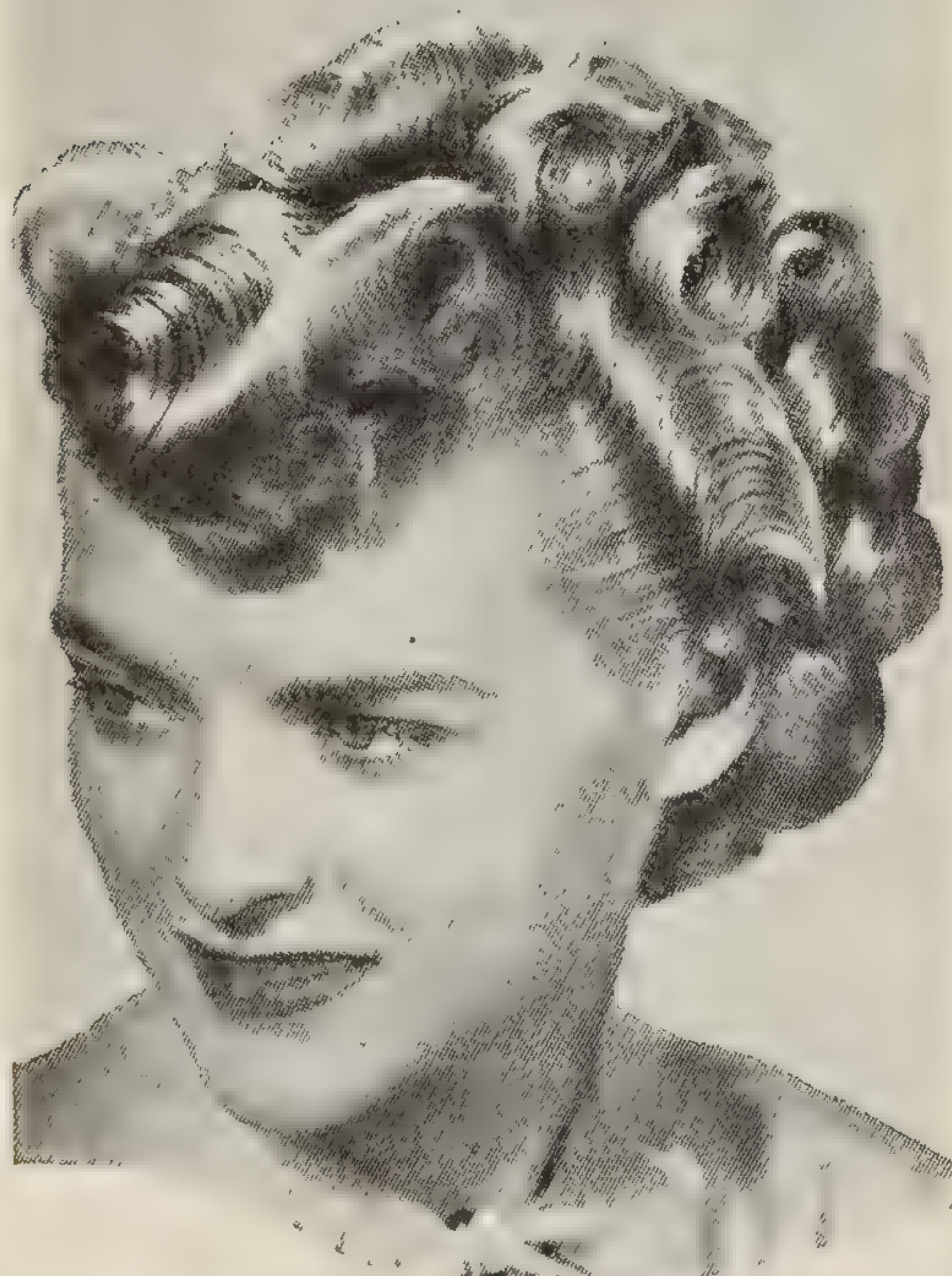
BLOW BY BLOW... KISS BY KISS... HE WAS THE **CHAMPION**

Screen Plays Corp. presents
KIRK DOUGLAS
in Ring Lardner's
"CHAMPION"
Co-starring
MARILYN MAXWELL • ARTHUR KENNEDY
with **PAUL STEWART • RUTH ROMAN • LOLA ALBRIGHT**
Produced by **STANLEY KRAMER**
Associate Producer Robert Stillman • Directed by Mark Robson
Screenplay by Carl Foreman • Released thru United Artists

*Sensational New
Minit Curl Method*

Curls and Waves hair

without permanent waving!



Exciting new way...takes only *minutes*. Not a permanent...not a wave set...but an entirely new, **SAFE** scientific discovery for curling and waving your hair...simply, quickly, beautifully...and at a few pennies cost. Easy now to be your glamorous best...whether your hair is short or long, whether you have a permanent or not...**MINIT CURL** controls and waves your hair as you set it, giving it body and lustre. Absolutely harmless to all types of hair. Glorious, natural-looking, long-lasting waves and curls...at home...in minutes.

JUST 3 EASY SIMPLE STEPS



1 Empty contents of one capsule in hot water as directed



2 Comb solution thoroughly thru hair



3 Set hair and allow to dry. Comb into soft waves, curls



WONDERFUL FOR CHILDREN'S FINE HAIR

So simple, so easy. Leaves their hair in beautiful, soft curls and ringlets. Simply comb Minit Curl solution thru hair after shampooing and partially drying...and shape over comb, finger or curlers. Results are stupendous! Curls last and last!

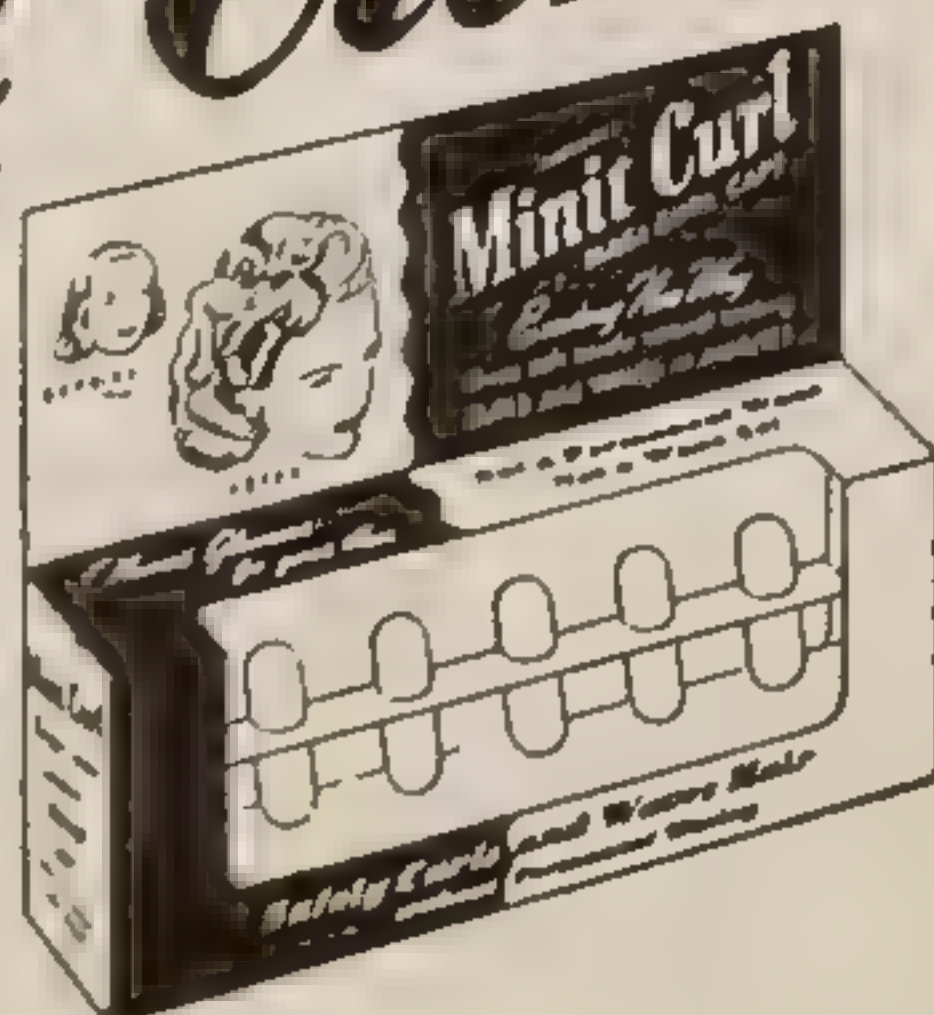
Laboratory tested and approved. Contains no harsh chemicals such as Alum and Sulphur.

MARLENE'S
Minit Curl
CURL-CAPS

\$1.25 Plus Tax

On sale at drug stores and toiletries counters everywhere

Marlene's Minit Curl is a product of
MARLENE'S, INC., Dept. 62-D
205 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago 1, Illinois



Sydney Greenstreet's hounding in "Flamingo Road," makes Joan Crawford threaten to kill him.

ning fight, Kirk loses all sense of decency until he finally becomes a genius at double-dealing. His manager, his brother, and three women in love with him get to learn Kirk's viciousness extends beyond the ring. Hated by everyone who knows him, and thoroughly impregnated with rottenness, Kirk, in one last brutal fight, still comes out winner and Champion—a hero to the press and fight world, and the evil he did is interr'd with his bones.

Mother Is A Freshman (Technicolor)

20th Century-Fox

IF YOUR name were Abigail Fortitude and a yearly annuity left you by a deceased husband were down to \$0.00, you'd have the same problem Loretta Young has when her teenage daughter will just die if she can't continue her college education. Luckily, Loretta hasn't

Glenn Ford's activities as treasury agent in "The Undercover Man," endanger his wife, Nina Foch.





Clifton Webb and Shirley Temple in the gay comedy, "Mr. Belvedere Goes To College."

the name Abigail Fortitude for nothing. It seems there's a \$3,000 endowment, at her daughter's college, waiting for any potential student with the misfortune to bear the name of Abigail Fortitude. So, Mother Loretta becomes an un-hep freshman to put her child through Pointer College, and, incidentally, to check into a torrid passion dotter has for an English professor, Van—EEEEEEEE!—Johnson. That's where the fun really begins and almost ends with mother and daughter vying for the Johnson affections. To add to the fun, Rudy Vallee steps in as the frustrated, fusty suitor for the widow Loretta's hand. All in all, this is Grade A, homogenized comedy, and Loretta's wardrobe should boost college enrollments 100%.

Flamingo Road

Warners

AN ABSORBING melodrama starring Joan Crawford, Zachary Scott, Sydney Greenstreet and introducing David Brian, who could very well be Hollywood's latest charge of TNT. Joan is a hootchy-kootchy dancer who leaves a fly-by-night carnival to start a normal existence in a small town. Assisting the
(Please turn to page 72)

In "Take Me Out To The Ball Game," Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra are baseball players.



She's got the biggest
six-shooters in
the west!

**Betty
GRABLE**
as
**THE
Beautiful
Blonde
FROM
Bashful
Bend**

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

with
CESAR ROMERO • RUDY VALLEE • OLGA SAN JUAN
and STERLING HOLLOWAY • HUGH HERBERT
EL BRENDL • PORTER HALL • PATI BEHR
Written, Directed and Produced by
PRESTON STURGES
A Screen Play Based on a Story by Earl Felton

**20th
CENTURY-FOX**

All Dressed In White

Beauty timetable for the
romantic heroines of June

By
**Courtenay
Marvin**

THIS is a month of diamonds and diplomas. It is the most romantic, dramatic month of the year because so many girls write finis to one chapter of their lives and start a completely new one. Whatever your role, bride, graduate, aspirant to that first job, or the better half of a great big, beautiful date, advance planning and preparation will help you to play your part to the fullest, to look and feel your very best and thus to sense truly precious emotions and details to be treasured long after in your memory.

If you are to be a bride, let us hope that your ivory satin with grandmother's lace, or whatever other costume you are to be married in, is now perfectly fitted and ready for donning. Let us hope, too, that your lovely lingerie is smothered with your favorite sachet and that accessories details are taken care of, too. That brings us right back to you, your curls, your skin, your manicure and pedicure. If you can follow more or less our spacing schedule, you will face that important day, or any important day, in the pink of perfection rather than with that groomed-at-the-moment look which is often too mechanically perfect.

Your hair. It is very likely that a permanent is pending. Two weeks in advance of the big day should put your hair at its best. It is generally admitted that it takes about two settings after a permanent for lustre and wave to shine forth in fullest glory. Whether you have a home permanent or have beauty shop service is a personal matter for you to decide. However, even if this is your first adventure with a home permanent, you may confidently count on complete success if you will follow the directions to the letter that come with the kit. If



Milo Anderson created this exquisite wedding gown for Doris Day in "It's A Great Feeling." Rare lace and tulle make the gown, lilies-of-the-valley, the ball bouquet.

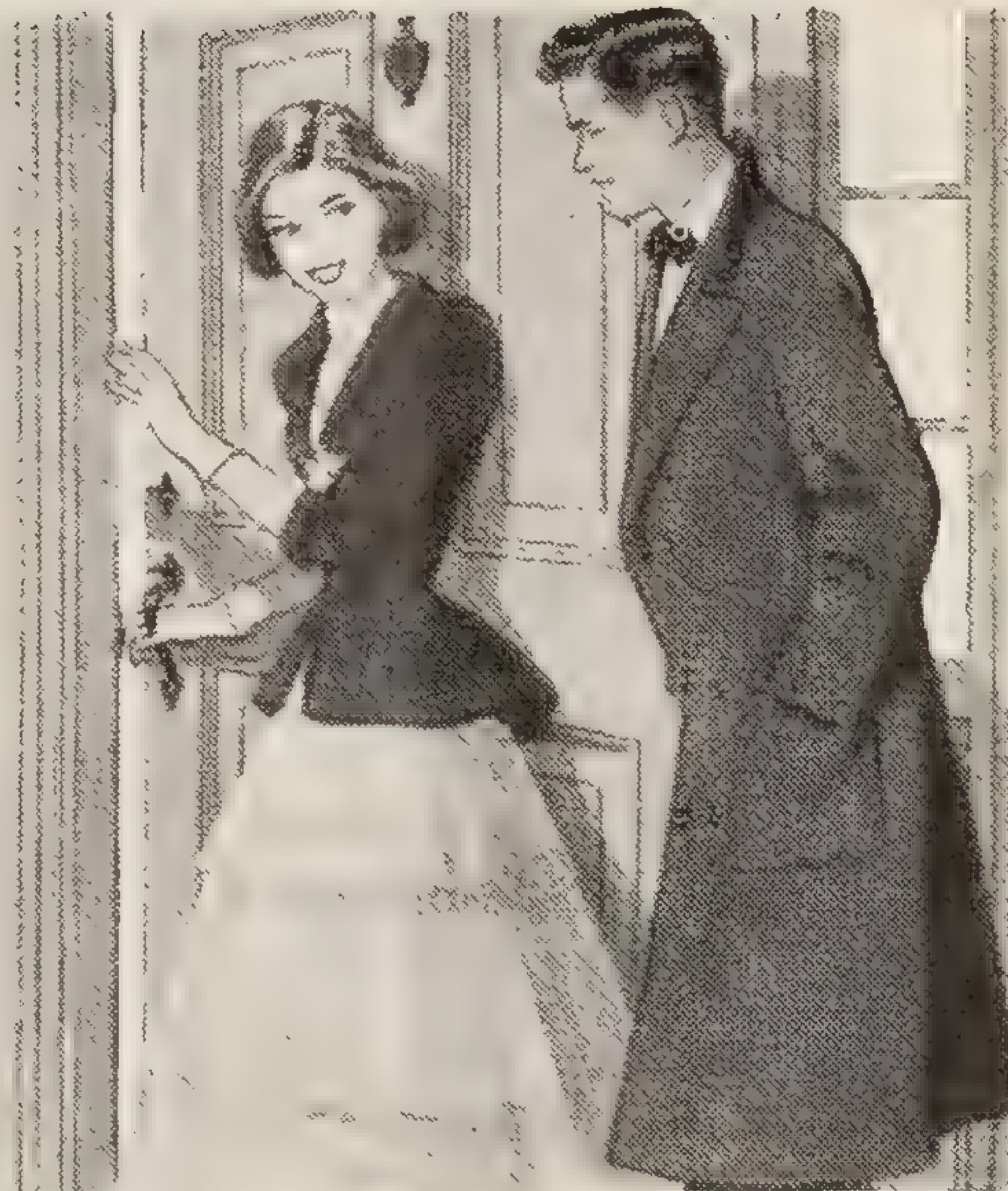
Are you in the know?



How to choose the right perfume?

- ☐ By trial and error
- ☐ By its glamorous name
- ☐ Buy Mom's brand

Sultry scents aren't suitable for teens at any time—much less in summer. Keep cool and sweet with a delicate cologne; or some fresh, light-hearted perfume suited to *your* type. How to tell? By trial and error. Try a few different fragrances in small sizes, to find the kind for you. You know, when smart gals choose sanitary protection, they try the 3 *absorbencies* of Kotex—Regular, Junior, Super. Do likewise! Discover which one's right for *your* needs.



After a late date, should a damsel—

- ☐ Invite him into the house
- ☐ Say goodnight at the door
- ☐ Thank him

When the night's no longer young, there's no call for your date to linger. Dismiss him graciously at the door. (Your family will appreciate it!) And pul-lease—no "thank-you's," either. "It's been a lovely evening" will do. You can always be sure of a pleasant evening, when you're poised—free of "problem time" worries. That's why you'll want to be sure to choose Kotex. Because of that special *safety center*, you can count on *extra* protection with Kotex.



To style-wise gals, does "Empire" suggest—

- ☐ World's tallest building
- ☐ Great Britain
- ☐ Good camouflage

Plan to go places? Or a stay-at-home vacation? Either way, you can find new glamour—by giving careful thought to your wardrobe. If you've figure faults, select styles that conceal them. For instance—the high-waisted "Empire" line does wonders for a flat-chested femme. And don't forget, on certain days, there's no *telltale* line with Kotex. For that, thank the *flat pressed ends* of Kotex. They *prevent* revealing outlines . . . do wonders for your confidence!



What about a gift for your weekend hostess?

- ☐ Bring it with you
- ☐ Send it later
- ☐ Either is correct

When guesting, remember your friend's mother with some wee giftie. You can bring it, or send it later. Either's correct. But you needn't flourish the present the moment your foot is in the hall! What's

more, you needn't postpone your visit—just because "that" day is nigh. For new Kotex keeps you *comfortable*. Gives you *softness that holds its shape* . . . (this napkin's made to stay soft while you wear it!)



More women choose KOTEX^{*}
than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

SCREENLAND



Which deodorant would you decide on?

- ☐ A cream
- ☐ A powder
- ☐ A liquid

Granted you're in the know about napkins . . . what about *deodorants* for napkin use? Fact is, while creams and liquids will do for everyday daintiness—yet, for "those" days a *powder* deodorant's best—sprinkled freely on sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. And soft, soothing *Quest Powder* is made especially for napkin use.

Being unscented, *Quest Deodorant Powder* doesn't just mask odors. *Quest destroys* them. Safely. *Positively*. To avoid offending, buy a can of *Quest Powder* today!



Quest
Deodorant
Powder

Ask for it by name

★ M-G-M Star on the Cover



★ A native of Los Angeles, Esther Williams found fame and fortune waiting for her practically in her own back yard. From an athletically inclined school-girl she has become in a few short years the colleges' favorite "Girl-I-Would-Most-Like-to-Be-Wrecked-on-a-Desert-Island-With"—and no wonder! There's a story back of it all.

★ Esther's mother believed that true glamour comes from radiant health, and from the age of five Esther was taught swimming and other sports. The results, as anyone can see, are nothing short of spectacular. Today she's five feet, seven inches and 123 pounds of lithe loveliness.

★ Esther literally swam her way to stardom. As a student at the University of Southern California she won the Women's Swimming Nationals, and her beauty and talent attracted the enthusiastic attention of showman Billy Rose, who starred her in his famous Aquacade at the San Francisco World's Fair. Talent scouts were soon clamoring for her, and she was signed by M-G-M.

★ Esther made an eye-filling screen debut and was immediately awarded stardom. Her sparkling performances in "Bathing Beauty," "Thrill of a Romance," "Ziegfeld Follies of 1946," and other M-G-M hits have zoomed her to top popularity.

★ Esther never was satisfied to be merely a beautiful girl who could swim like a mermaid. Her aspiration was to act as well as she swims. And it's obvious that she has fulfilled that ambition in recent pictures—"Fiesta," "On an Island with You," and "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." And we hear Esther has new delight in store for everyone in her latest musical, "Neptune's Daughter," in which she appears with riotous Red Skelton and romantic Ricardo Montalban.

Watch for her next M-G-M film hit

★ "NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER" ★
In Technicolor

your hair needs thinning or trimming, it will pay you to have this done professionally unless you have a very experienced hand. You will also find the permanent much easier to administer. Set your hair exactly the way you expect to wear it. This will give you more opportunity to study its relationship with your headdress, your veil or your hat. Following this setting, unless your hair is exposed to excessive dust or heat, I would space the next shampoo about two or three days before the event. This will give your hair the soft, natural beauty that it usually has a few days after the setting, rather than at once, unless you choose an intricate coiffure. You might like to follow your shampoo with a brightening rinse to highlight your natural color and add lustre.

Your skin. The bride will find it to her advantage to apply all makeup fully

an hour in advance of her gown. The reason for this is that warmth of skin always intensifies color, especially under the strain of excitement. A warm-colored base is the best suggestion, over which perhaps the merest wisp of rouge is applied over the full part of the cheeks and out toward the temples. No bride should look definitely rouged, nor yet too pale. The tinted foundation or powder base will give the skin a radiance without a too-blushing look. Rose is the color for your lips, rather than red, and it should be applied delicately but perfectly. Keep the color, for this occasion, as closely to your natural line as possible and perfect the outline with brush or a lip liner. It would be very advisable to use one of the preparations that protect the color on your lips and prevent it from rubbing or smudging off. The bride is in line for
(Please turn to page 70)

RECEIVE JULY SCREENLAND FREE!

We have 500 free copies of the July SCREENLAND which we will mail to the readers of Screenland while the supply lasts. Just mail in your answers to the questions below. It's easy to fill out and fun to do. Send in your answers today!

Number in the order of preference the feature stories you liked best in this issue: "My Bobby-Sox Are Off".... "Should She.... Or Not?".... "Betty Grable Lets Her Hair Down".... "If An Actress Wants To Live".....

How many people are there in your family?..... Are you: Married..... Single..... Engaged.....? If married, how many children do you have?..... Are you a: housewife..... home girl..... student..... employed.....? If employed, what kind of work do you do?..... What is the occupation of the head of your family?.....

Check the schools you have attended: Junior High..... High School..... College..... Secretarial..... Vocational.....

What is the combined weekly salary of all your family? Less than \$60.... \$65.... \$70.... \$75.... \$80.... \$85.... \$90.... \$95.... \$100.... \$100-\$200.... Over \$200....

Do you smoke? Yes..... No..... If yes, at what age did you start?..... What is your favorite brand?..... How many years have you smoked this brand?.....

How many other people read your copy of SCREENLAND?.....

Do you have permanent waves? Yes.... No.... If yes, do you have: Beauty-shop permanent..... Home permanent.....? How many times a year do you have a permanent?..... If you have a home permanent, do you try: A new brand each time..... Buy refills for original package.....? If you prefer home permanents, why? Cost less..... Save time..... Give better wave.....

Name..... Address..... Age...
City..... Zone..... State.....

Fill out and mail to: Research Dept., SCREENLAND,
444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York.



NEWSREEL

At the "Paisan" premiere, which she attended with her fiancé, Gary Steffen, Jane Powell congratulates Gar Moore for his outstanding performance in the film.



Ingrid Bergman cringes before the flashbulb at the Hollywood opening of "Paisan," but Director Roberto Rossellini and her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, take it all in nonchalant stride.

Bob Stack squired his best girl, Irene McEvoy, to the premiere of "Paisan," which was made in Italy and is a moving story of the comradeship among the Allied troops who campaigned in Italy.



Farley Granger, who's currently starring in "Roseanna McCoy," for Goldwyn, has settled down to dating Shelley Winters pretty steadily. They're entering the El Rey to see Roberto Rossellini's "Paisan" opening.

On one of their infrequent evenings out, Jessica and Robert Ryan are enthusiastic spectators at the Hollywood premiere of "Paisan" at the El Rey. Bob's now starring opposite Audrey Totter in "The Set-Up."



VAGABOND TOUR



Cornel and Pat visit Henry King, who was in Siena directing "Prince Of Foxes."

THE three months Cornel Wilde and his pretty wife, Patricia Knight, spent wandering through Europe were the kind of leisurely holiday everybody dreams of taking. But of all the spots they visited on their vagabond tour, they loved Siena, Italy, best. The climate, scenery, friendly natives and quaint, crumbling old buildings completely enchanted them. In fact, if Cornel hadn't had to hurry home to sign a new contract with 20th Century-Fox, they'd be poking about there yet, blissfully happy.



The marketplace in Siena, Italy, was a fascinating experience for the Wildes. They spent many happy hours there, buying curios or watching the colorful throng.



Every morning before they started out sightseeing, Pat consulted her Baedeker for directions, while Cornel loaded his hard-working camera. They walked all over Siena, unmolested by the townspeople who let them enjoy their visit just like any other tourists.



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Carmen
ENSEMBLE

SHELLEY WINTERS, starring in *TAKE ONE FALSE STEP*
A Universal-International Picture



The Carmen Ensemble
makes a perfect gift
in its handsome
presentation case

To add a touch of luxury to your daytime outfit or glamour-time gown, to highlight an alluring neckline, wear Deltah's new *Carmen Ensemble*—a glowing, lustrous, simulated pearl necklace, graduated and finished with Sterling Silver filigree clasp, and perfectly matched, Sterling Silver mounted earrings, both for only \$10.75. Necklace only \$7.25. Prices include Federal tax.

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AT BETTER JEWELERS EVERYWHERE

MY BOBBY-SOX ARE OFF



Jane's next film will be "The Tender Years." She yearns to play ingenue roles.



Jane Powell with her fiancé, Gary Steffen, at recent Hollywood party. They'll wed soon.

NOT long ago a friend telephoned me and asked me if I'd like to take part in the formal opening of the Hollywood branch of the California Bank. He went on to explain that he had a natural stunt all worked out for me, and that it would be fun for everyone concerned.

I'll admit I was intrigued right from the beginning. In Hollywood, almost anything can happen, but this was the first time I had ever heard of a premiere treatment for the opening of a bank! I'd been to premieres for theatres, clubs, hotels, and even hot dog stands, but never a bank.

"Tell me," I asked, already visualizing the costume I'd wear for this differ-

ent occasion, "just what is this 'natural' stunt you have in mind for me? I suppose you want me to be 'Miss California Bank' or something of that ilk?"

"Nope, nothing like that," he replied. "I want you to deposit your bobby-sox in the safety vault. After all, you're an engaged young lady now, so you won't be needing your bobby-sox anymore!"

Yes, my bobby-sox days are over. The change comes gradually, but all of a sudden one day you awake to find that you are a young lady in every sense of the word.

I don't remember exactly when it happened, but while I was working at MGM in "A Date With Judy," I was driving through the gate one day with a friend, and the gateman called out, "Good morning, Miss Powell!"

"That's something new," said my friend. "Since when did he stop calling



Jane and Xavier Cugat in the MGM musical, "A Date With Judy."

I don't remember exactly when it happened, the change is so gradual, but all of a sudden you find that you are a young lady in every sense of the word

By Jane Powell

you 'Janey?' How does it feel to jump from the juvenile class to the ranks of the ingenues?"

I suppose every girl enjoys it when she makes this important step, and gradually she watches for reactions from others. On the set that day I too did some looking and listening, and sure enough, the reactions there were similar to that of the gateman.

But then I wonder if a girl doesn't feel a tug at the carefreeness of the world she leaves behind her? There's a considerable freedom in the activities and all the resulting fun of the early teens that must fade away once the line is crossed.

Yet, how can a girl avoid it? And there are plenty of compensations. For instance, now when I go to a nightclub or go dancing at the Cocoanut Grove with my boy friend, I don't have that little suspicious (Please turn to page 53)

Fashion's choice
for stardom



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Paris Fashion
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Chic little shoes, so wordly-wise about fashion, so cool, so comfortable and light. They're buckled and strapped, they're white or multicolored . . . they're quality-made of fine leathers, even with the leather covered platforms generally found only in far more expensive shoes. They're each and all an outstanding value.

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Spend an hour's conversation with John Payne on his career or private life, and you'll soon see that he's a very single-minded, deep-thinking man, indeed



DID YOU SAY GLAMOUR BOY?

By Eve Love Blair

TWO men look out through the same bars,
One sees the mud and one the stars"—

John Payne's currently making "The Crooked Way," realistic documentary about paraplegics.

That was written by a philosopher, Frederick Langbridge, in "A Cluster Of Quiet Thoughts" in 1896.

John Payne, more than a bit of philosopher himself, echoes it emphatically as a creed of living for today. "Let's overlook the mud, and keep our eyes on the stars!"

That sounds serious-minded? Well, it is—and John is! That's a side of John you probably never suspected. You know

"Our feet are in the mud, let's keep our heads among the stars," is the philosophy of John Payne, seen romancing with Ellen Drew in "The Crooked Way."





Patience is most necessary in marriage, John, with his estranged wife, Gloria De Haven, says.

him as a popular romantic star, one of Hollywood's handsomest actors. Brooding eyes and a somewhat sulky expression are part of his charm, and his good looks, coupled with singing as well as acting talent, have brought him stardom in Technicolor musicals opposite Betty Grable, with Maureen O'Hara and with many of Hollywood's other leading beauties. But don't label him "glamour boy," please! That phrase implies a certain shallowness and a frivolous approach to life. That's not John Payne.

Spend an hour's conversation with him and you'll discover that he's a very deep-thinking man, indeed. He's probably one of the best-read persons in Hollywood, with the subject-matter on his list ranging from philosophy and psychiatry to atom bombs. He has emphatic ideas about the arts, and about love, marriage, bringing up children, saving money, all the important things of living. When marooned at a cocktail party, or any other momentary island in life, where conversation is a definite "must," just ask for as interesting a companion as John, that's all!

It was in New York that I recently had an interview appointment with John Payne in one of those luxury hotels overlooking Central Park.

He was keeping a terrific schedule of radio, television and personal appearance dates while in Manhattan, and he had just dashed into the hotel with a couple of friends when I was ushered into the living room of his suite.

After we exchanged greetings, I asked him how he had liked making his first Western, "El Paso," a Pine-Thomas frontier drama in color, released by Paramount.

"I liked it," he said. "I liked it fine. It was good not (Please turn to page 54)

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BEATRICE (BEBE) SHOPP
MISS AMERICA—1948



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of Celanese and Lastex
knit boucle, \$12.00.

*can be worn with or
without straps
*Registered



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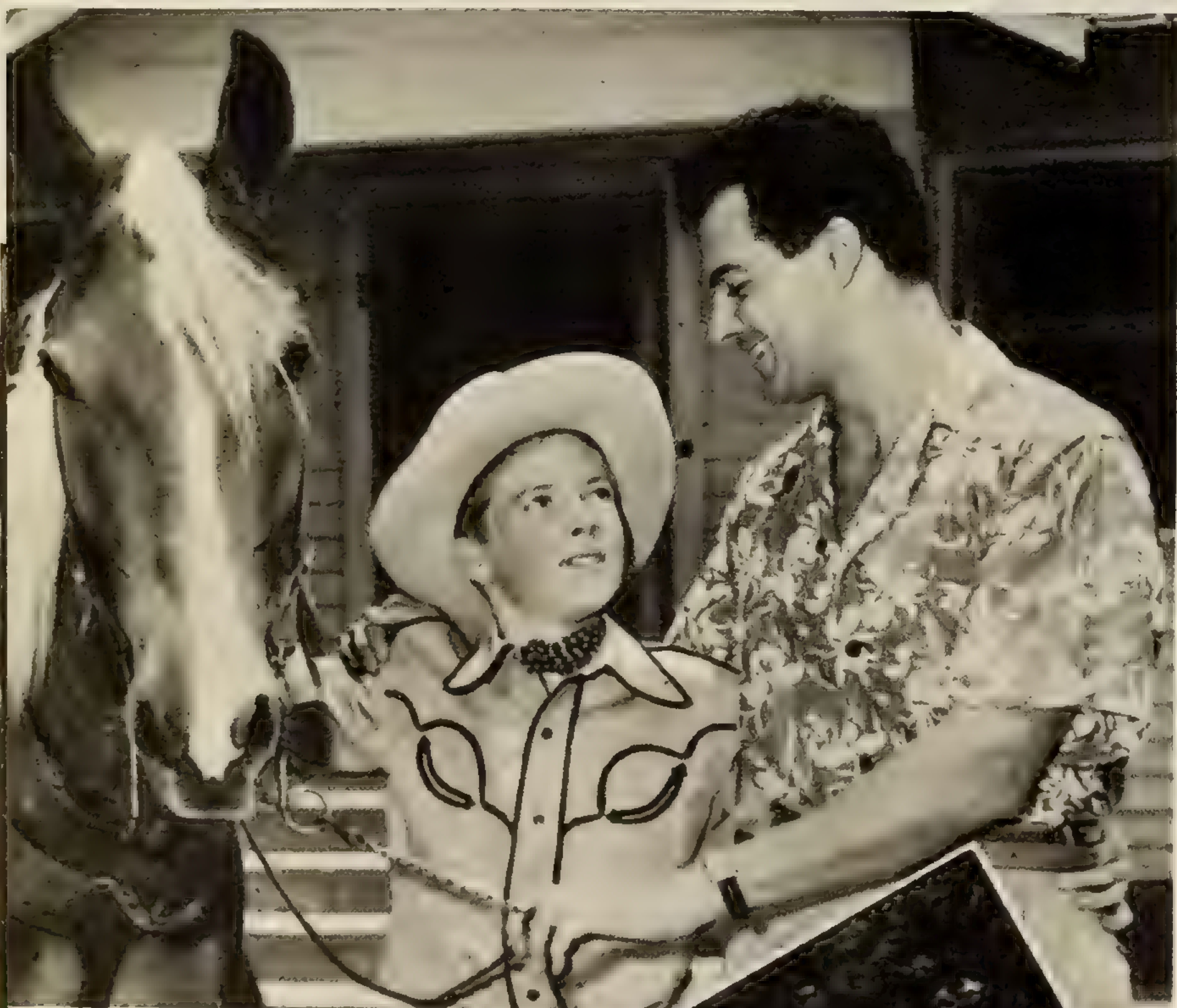


John Payne kisses the bride of Howard Pine of Pine-Thomas Productions. John is currently starring in their film, "El Paso."



Mel Torme weds Candy Toxton as his mother watches quiet ceremony performed in Ambassador East Hotel in Chicago.

Cornel Wilde with Michael Fay and his talented Palomino, Jimmy Hix. Mike, now doing shorts, is youngest trick rider there is.



What Hollywood Itsel

THE hassle of making the film, "I Was A Male War Bride," was as big as the one the original male war bride had getting from Europe to this country. The movie company had bad weather in Berlin, Ann Sheridan came down in London with a bad case of pleurisy, Cary Grant got an extreme case of yellow jaundice. Director Howard Hawks had flu and two attacks of ptomaine poisoning, lost 26 pounds. Starlet Randy Stewart aped Cary by getting the jaundice. Another starlet, Marion Marshall, escaped with just a slight cold. The company had to wait two months for Cary to recover before shooting resumed. Ann went to the French Riviera to get well. 20th figures nothing else can happen, but probably will.

A nice bow in the general direction of Bing Crosby for signing Frances Gifford for one of the co-starring parts in his new picture, "Riding High." Francie hasn't worked since that awful automobile accident which scarred her pretty badly. Now the scars are all gone and she's just as beautiful as ever. She's also a good actress and this is the break she needed to start her off on a bigger, better career.

Walter Huston congratulates son John for winning N. Y. Film Critics' Best Director Award.



Mary and Dana Andrews back from London with their kids, Kathy and Steven. Dana went over there to make "Impulse."



Zachary Scott, now in "Flamingo Road," doing broadcast with Ann Rutledge on New York trip.



Glenn Ford with his wife, Eleanor Powell, just before she left for London for an engagement at the Palladium. Glenn couldn't go along.

Stars Talking About!

The stars themselves like to discuss what's going on in their town just as much as you do—items like these

By Lynn Bowers

Jean Arthur's talent as a top comedienne is undeniable, but she has others, too. One of them is her facility for getting in bad with the press. After denying repeatedly there was a rift between her and her producer-husband, Frank Ross, she ups and asks for a divorce. Jean, like a few other top stars, doesn't give a big fig whether the press likes her or not—or at least it would seem thataway.

Dan Dailey and his wife, Liz, headed for New York and a two months vacation as soon as he finished "You're My Everything." It's Dan's first holiday since he became a star. It'll be a postman's holiday for him—he and Liz will see every show on Broadway.

Van and Evie Johnson spent their second wedding anniversary at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs. Van gets himself a juicy part in "Scene Of The Crime" as a private eye. Watch out there, Howard Duff!

Keenan and Betty Wynn aren't so lucky—Keenan has two more pictures to knock off before they can take a wedding trip. Keenan gave his bride a saddle horse for a wedding present. Reckon she doesn't care much for his motorcycle.

Was Betty Grable ever sore when a sore throat kept her home from the big Santa Anita Handicap! We saw her and Harry James at the track a few days before. The only thing Betty studies harder than her script is the racing form. We also saw Don and Honey Ameche, Gail Patrick and Cornwall Jackson at the track. Everybody, including us, concentrated so hard on the next race that there was very little conversation.

The premiere of Roberto Rossellini's "Paisan" in Hollywood was big stuff. Rossellini was with Ingrid Bergman and her doctor husband, Peter Lindstrom. Howard Duff and Marta Toren were a surprise twosome. Janie Powell, in a sophisticated black dinner suit and a fancy feather hat, was with her fiancé, Gary Steffen. Gar Moore, one of the stars of the pic, was a-sayin' that he'd meet his wife, Nancy Walker, in Oklahoma when she closes in the Broadway show, "Along Fifth Avenue." This will be Nancy's introduction to Gar's family.

There was quite a stir among the guests at the party for the Ernie Byfields in the Bev Hills Hotel's Rodeo Room when Joan Crawford and Clark Gable walked in together. They've been friends for years but this was (Please turn to page 70)

Star-bound Debra Paget, teenage newcomer, who has choice roles in both "Cry Of The City" and "Mother Is A Freshman" for 20th.



**Robert Taylor and Elizabeth
Taylor in "Conspirator," a
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture**





In her first musical, "You're My Everything," versatile Anne Baxter plays a Clara Bow flapper who is wooed by Dan Dailey.



Anne Baxter with Cornel Wilde in "The Walls Of Jericho," one of the 23 pictures she's made over the last eight years.



Anne Baxter loves her job, including headaches and all

By Dan Jenkins

IF there is such a thing as a completely happy and successful career girl in Hollywood, her name would have to be Anne Baxter Hodiak.

She has made twenty-three pictures in the last eight years. She is firmly established as a ranking star. She has won an Academy Award. And she is a working partner in a happy marriage now well through its third year.

Confronted with this rather overwhelming estimate of herself, Anne is genuinely perplexed. "But I'm so young," she tells you. "I have so much to learn. I suppose I *have* been successful up to now, but you're only as good as your last two pictures, you know."

It's a matter of record that Anne Baxter need have no worries on that score. Good, bad or indifferent as a picture may have been, Anne has generally managed to come through with a standout performance. "The Razor's Edge," a notorious example of an expensive picture that failed to live up to its advance ballyhoo, brought Anne her Academy Award. And when an actress (*Please turn to page 57*)

Anne and Dana Andrews eavesdrop on engineer's headset before Radio Theatre show.



Anne and John Hodiak, her husband, are working partners in a happy marriage.

"I have so much to learn," insists Anne despite her success.



Betty Lets Her Hair Down!



Betty's a prize package of straightforward sincerity—a wonderful human being.

What her hairdresser knows about the real Betty Grable adds up to much more than a million dollar movie star

Betty Grable in a scene in "The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend," her new film.



By Marie Brasselle

THERE is Betty, The Box-Office Queen. . . . Betty, the Pin-Up Girl and the Betty who is Mrs. Trumpet, married to the nation's top bandleader, Harry James.

Maybe you think of her as that gorgeous blonde with the beautiful legs, and maybe her boss, Darryl F. Zanuck, thinks of her as "The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend."

But let me tell you about the Betty I know—the other Grable. The six-in-the-morning till six-in-the-evening honey that I find as easy to work with as you find easy to look at.

There's an old saying that no man is a hero to his valet; I suppose it follows



Betty Grable as a 1920 bathing beauty. She was all of three and a half years old then.



There's a marked resemblance between the young Betty and daughter Victoria Elizabeth.



Chatting with Preston Sturges, director of 20th Century-Fox's hilarious western comedy.

that no movie star is a heroine to her hairdresser.

I agree wholeheartedly.

To me, Betty is far more than a movie heroine. She's a wonderful human being—warm, considerate, generous, and, above all, a good sport. She's fun to be around.

In a way, she's like a long, cool drink of water after an overdose of ham. I don't know about the rest of the country, but there's no shortage of that item in Hollywood, a fact which makes the people without it doubly refreshing. There's more ham in a lamb chop than in the Grable I know.

Our first meeting, when she was just starting in pictures, was a tip-off to the Betty I later learned to know. She was just a kid then, about 12 or 13, who had lied blandly about her age in order to get her first movie job. Even as a child, she had that same sparkle that shines today in Technicolor. (Please turn to page 59)

Left: Relaxing at home. Although Betty loves her work, her chief interest is her family.

Below: Cesar Romero, Betty and Rudy Vallee in "The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend."





Dan Dailey, next to be seen
in "You're My Everything," a
20th Century-Fox production



As the stranded carnival dancer in "Flamingo Road," Joan Crawford has a role that offers her wide scope.

Whether dressed in smart, up-to-the-minute fashions or carnival costumes, Joan is always glamorous.

She's Got Everything!

IN "Flamingo Road," Joan Crawford returns to her first love—dancing. Joan started her spectacular career as a chorus girl and while she's earned a reputation as one of moviedom's best dramatic actresses, some of her earliest screen successes were in roles in which she danced. In her new film, Joan has an opportunity to combine the two mediums, for she plays a carnival dancer who innocently becomes involved with cold-blooded and ruthless politicians who railroad her to prison. Such a role can mean only one thing—Joan at her very best. Not only that, but you'll see a Joan Crawford who is just as attractive and sexy in her scanty carnival costume as she was when she made "Dancing Lady" with Clark Gable many moons ago. Yes sir, there's only one Joan Crawford—a gal who can win an Academy Award for Best Performance of the Year and who can also hold her own with any of the dancing darlings of today.

Dolores Castle, Joan Crawford and Bridget Brown in a dance number in "Flamingo Road," Warner release.





**Marilyn Maxwell, currently
being seen in "Champion,"
a United Artists release**

Take It From Bill

Theories on the current Hollywood recession are a dime a dozen, but clear-headed Bill Holden's make the most sense

Bill Holden, with sons Scott and West, is now making "Miss Grant Takes Richmond."

By Constance Palmer



On location for "Streets Of Laredo," Bill Holden and Mona Freeman have a quiet talk.



Bill Holden, who's one of the most sought-after stars in the business today, and Macdonald Carey battle brutally in "Streets Of Laredo."



EVERYONE knows the picture business has always been in some kind of crisis. To hear people talk, you'd think the industry should have fallen apart long ago. In bad times there's wailing, lamenting and gnashing of teeth. In good times there are bitter moans about the bad times just ahead.

Threat of television, curtailment of foreign markets, high labor costs, drop in box-office receipts, together

But Bill Holden, the male star who knows he can't share his

Scarce, rushed to Columbia. He's star mount

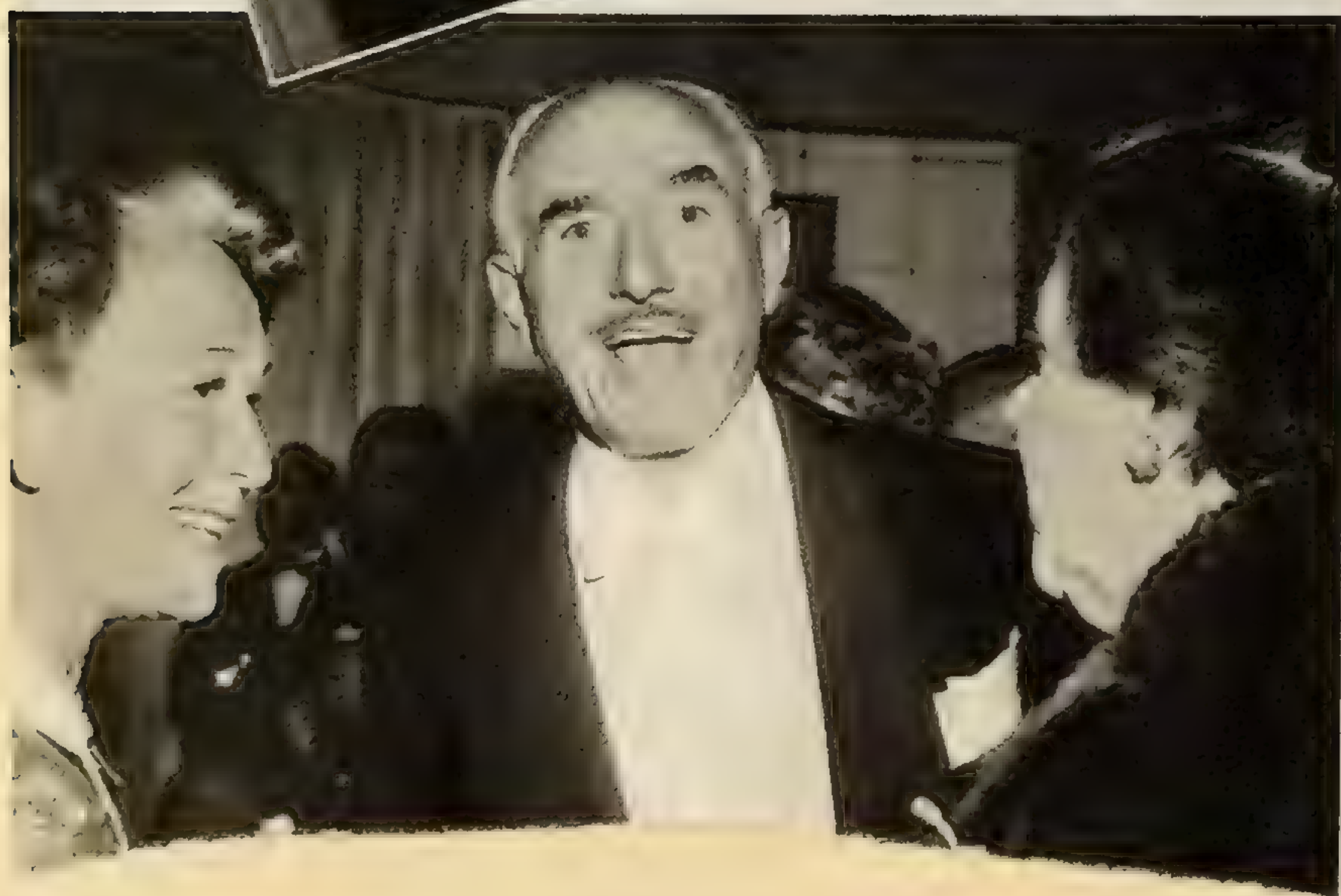
"I've changed, 1942."



Doug Fairbanks, proxy for Laurence Olivier, Claire Trevor, Jane Wyman and Walter Huston.



Jane Wyman receiving her Oscar from Ronald Colman as Best Actress for her role in "Johnny Belinda." Ronald won Actor Award last year.



Jack Warner, with Mrs. Darryl Zanuck and Elsa Maxwell, was the happiest person at Awards. His studio won most of the honors.

JANE WYMAN realized the ambition of every screen actress when she was awarded an Oscar by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences as the Best Actress of 1948 for her role of the deaf mute in "Johnny Belinda." Laurence Olivier was voted the Best Actor for his role in "Hamlet," which, incidentally, was declared the Best Picture. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., an old friend, was proxy for Laurence and accepted both Awards on his behalf. It was the 21st annual presentation of the Awards and held in the Academy's own theatre without customary fanfare. John Huston was voted the Best Director for "Treasure Of Sierra Madre." He also won another Oscar for the Best Screenplay, having written "Treasure." His father, Walter Huston, won an Oscar as the Best Supporting Actor for his role in his son's film, "Treasure Of Sierra Madre." Claire Trevor was named Best Supporting Actress for her role in "Key Largo." Robert Montgomery was the M. C.

Elizabeth Taylor, who made "Conspirator" with Bob Taylor in London, attended the Academy Awards with Glenn Davis, No. 1 beau.



DREAMS COME TRUE



Claire Trevor, voted Best Supporting Actress for role in "Key Largo," with Walter Huston, Best Supporting Actor for role in "Treasure Of Sierra Madre." His son John won Best Director role and Best Screen Play Award for "Treasure Of Sierra Madre."

Jane Wyman practically confirmed all those romantic rumors in attending the Awards with Lew Ayres. He was in "Johnny Belinda."

Gregory Peck and his wife, among the distinguished guests at Academy Theatre. Greg has come close, but has yet to win Award.



Susan Hayward accepted Best Art Direction Award for "Red Shoes" from Arlene Dahl on behalf of Eagle Lion-J. Arthur Rank.



Below: Irene Dunne with RKO Publicity Director Perry Leiber. Irene was later honored by Notre Dame U. with Laetare medal.



Should

She...



Dottie Lamour with Ray Milland in Paramount's "Her Jungle Love," one of the first pictures in which she wore the sarong that made her famous.

Dorothy and her husband, William Ross Howard, help their son, Ridgely, celebrate his birthday.



If her fans insist, Dottie may return to the sarong after her current picture, "Manhandled."

To be or not to be a sarong girl—Dorothy Lamour leaves the decision up to you fans

By Dorothy Lamour

HARDLY a day passes when I'm not asked, "Dottie, what's happened to the sarong? Aren't you ever going to make another jungle or South Sea Island picture, wearing the costume that made you famous, and vice versa?"

And you'd be surprised where I'm asked the question. I've been button-holed at parties, luncheons, at my radio broadcasts, in elevators, in the Brown Derby parking lot, and even when I'm waiting for a traffic light to change!

When I made "Lulu Belle" not long ago, the switch from sarongs was understandable because the clothes designed by Jean Louis were gorgeous. But when "Slightly French," "The Lucky Stiff," and "Manhandled" followed each other in rapid succession with nary a hibiscus or sarong in sight, the quizzing started



Or Not?

all over again.

So, I feel the time has come for an answer. Actually, I've been thinking about this for a good long time because I believe every actor or actress should keep the interested fans posted on what's ahead. Then, when the editor of SCREENLAND asked me to write my reply in this exclusive article, I was not only flattered by his attention, but also pleased to haul out my typewriter and get my opinions on both sides of this subject in print!

I'll list my pros and cons of being the screen's so-called sarong girl, and I won't come to any conclusion, because I'm going to leave that up to you. I'm asking you to write me a letter after you've finished reading this article, and let me know exactly how you feel about my returning to jungle and South Seas pictures. Will you do it?

First of all, let me say that sarongs have made me what I am today, to paraphrase the famous song of yesterday. They were my springboard to success in films, and were a wonderful angle which the men in the publicity de-

Getting the best out of Bossie is as easy for Dorothy Lamour as wearing her scanty sarong.



Dottie and Ray Milland idylled through another tropical epic together, "The Jungle Princess."

partment could really exploit. Editors throughout the world seemed to enjoy running any picture of me wrapped up in a sarong.

Winning fame by wearing a sarong was comparatively easy, too, because the acting for this type of role was not as demanding as, for instance, a heavily dramatic part. We were all one happy family on the set because of the informality and, other than the men on the crew who did the hard manual work, the rest of us expended little effort.

I liked such pictures because they are what we call "escape" stories. The plots showed a happy, carefree life, with ideal romance against a lovely background. People escaped the cares of the everyday life around them by sitting in a movie, watching the antics of a jungle princess and her handsome leading man. Their troubles, for the moment vanished, and it was a good feeling to know that we, as actors, had brought pleasure through this harmless type of escape.

I remember that we had our doubts about the possible success of the first sarong movie, "The Jungle Princess," and there were a number of experts who didn't think it would go over. I was one of 155 girls tested for the part, and they didn't give me too much encouragement.

However, after (Please turn to page 65)



"Sarong roles were a wonderful starting point for me in my career," recalls Dorothy Lamour.

Right: Bob Sterling is intrigued as Grace Horton, in charge of Barbizon Agency, sends Ginger Kimbard out on a fashion photographic assignment.



Most Eligible Bachelor

THE Barbizon School of Modeling recently selected Robert Sterling, star of RKO's "Roughshod," as the most eligible bachelor of the year. Helen Fraser, directress of the school, presented Bob with an appropriate scroll on his visit to the school and then showed him how a modeling academy operates. He was surprised how much more complicated it is than he supposed. The models were thrilled with having handsome Bob as their guest and were delighted to show him precisely how they put on their makeup, how they keep their waists trim, how they keep their hips small and firm and how they remove any excess bit of poundage. After his tour of the school and learning just how much time and serious effort go into fashion modeling, Bob was asked by the girls to show them how he'd play a scene for one of his movies. He gladly put on a real Hollywood scene for them. Using Ginger Kimbard as his leading lady, Bob showed the Barbizon beauties just how movies are filmed. It was his way of returning the treat of seeing how a topflight modelling school, such as Barbizon, trains, conditions, and manages its lovely students.

Bob observes the proper way of showing off a coat as escort Hazel Van Derveer has Vivian Kennedy model while Leona Stevenson, Mario O'Leary, Anne Meeks, Kay Grogan look on.





Left: Bob learns the secrets of makeup as Mario O'Leary gets a beautifying job. Above: Taking Elizabeth Kendall's measurements.



Above: Ginger Kimbard knows how to keep her figure in shape, as Bob is enthralled. Right: Charlotte Waters won't have extra poundage.

Bob Sterling and Ginger Kimbard in a typical Hollywood scene as other models of the Barbizon School look on with much interest.



Greer Garson was escorted to Errol Flynn's exciting party by Buddy Fogelson, whom she is expected to wed. The William Doziers shared their table.



Jennifer Jones and David O. Selznick swaying to the rhythmic strains of the rumba band.

A PARTY to end all parties was the one recently given by the handsome Errol Flynn at his hilltop home. The affair was held in the garden which was completely covered by a candy-striped tent with cellophane sides from which the guests could see the lights of the city below. Everyone was especially happy about this party, referred to as Errol's "coming out" party, for it marked his emergence from the shell into which he had drawn after his separation from Nora Eddington, who has just started divorce proceedings. Besides an abundance of food, there was a rumba band for dancing, and for those with spare cash there was, of all things, a white mice race. When the party broke up along about five in the morning all hands agreed it had been a terrific evening and one they'll long remember. Errol has always had a reputation in Hollywood as a marvelous host but this time he really outdid himself as a partygiver.

Social leader and Screenland's party reporter, Cobina Wright, with host Errol Flynn.

Dorothy Lamour and Ann Miller have a gay time teasing Philip Reed, who loves it.



Robert Stack seems to be doing a good job of keeping Audrey Totter entertained.



Lew Ayres listens attentively to Jane Wyman, with whom his name has often been linked. Jane will soon be leaving on a European jaunt.



Loretta Young and Tom Lewis trying to pick a winner in the white mice race.

ERROL'S

"Coming Out"

PARTY



A table companion offers a light as Mrs. Dan Duryea takes one of her hubby's cigarettes.



Clark Gable with Producer-Director Joan Harrison. Clark's another star who's Europe-bound. He plans to tour the continent by car.

Bob Hutton, Jimmy Ritz, Judy Canova and Cleatus Caldwell digging into the food at the fabulous Errol Flynn party. Judy entertained with her hillbilly songs.





If An Actress

The best actresses, in Anatole Litvak's book,

By Gladys Hall

IF an actress wants to live in pictures and live long, she must be what I call a 'director's actress.' By a 'director's actress,' I mean," Director Anatole Litvak explained, "the actress who understands and accepts that the important thing is not only and alone the part she plays, but the picture as a whole, the *whole* picture . . .

"In having Olivia de Havilland and Barbara Stanwyck as the stars of my last two pictures, 'The Snake Pit' and 'Sorry, Wrong Number,' I have been lucky, I have been *very* lucky, for with me as with every director, the real advantage is to work with actors who work for the whole. As Olivia does. As Barbara does . . .

"But there are actresses who think, you know, only of themselves. They will accept for themselves only those roles that are fat, and fill the screen. Whether it helps the picture as a whole, or harms it, they fight for extra close-ups. They fight for extra lines. They fight for the preservation of their glamour. They go through storms and crimes and childbirth looking always the same. They will never succeed, such as these, *never*. Due to a lucky fall of the dice, such as a tricky role or the first impact of the physical beauty with which they were born, they may sky-rocket. But a sky-rocket dies quickly down and is seen no more.

"If an actress wants to live in pictures, she must be more interested in making a picture than she is in making—a *personal appearance*.

"I don't, you see (*and I am vehement about this!*), I **DON'T** think that beauty is important. Important, that is, to the success of the actress in motion pictures. Important, come to that, in life or love.

"If you are making the story of a beautiful woman, the woman playing the role must, of course, be beautiful. But if you are making the story of a plain woman, a middle-aged woman, a sick woman, the actress playing such parts must be, accordingly, plain, middle-aged or bearing the marks of illness in her face.

"When the actress chosen for the part of, say, a mentally sick woman, is in her person, young, beautiful, glamorous, she must have sufficient integrity as an actress to subordinate her beauty to the demands, however dreary, or disfiguring, of the character she plays. Which brings me—rather cleverly, don't you think?—" Mr. Litvak laughed, "to Olivia de Havilland.

"As *Virginia Cunningham* in 'The Snake Pit,' de Havilland's def-

"With more experienced actors, release of the emotions comes more naturally. With an actress like Bette Davis, for example. Before you say what you want Bette to do, she does it. . ."



When Celeste Holm campaigned for a part in "The Snake Pit," Anatole Litvak told her, "If you play this role you must have your hair cut off." She had her hair cropped short, all of it.

Through harrowing rehearsals of "Sorry, Wrong Number," Barbara Stanwyck never once complained.

Of Burt Lancaster, also starred in "Sorry, Wrong Number," Litvak says, "He tries so hard, works so hard, with unflagging patience."



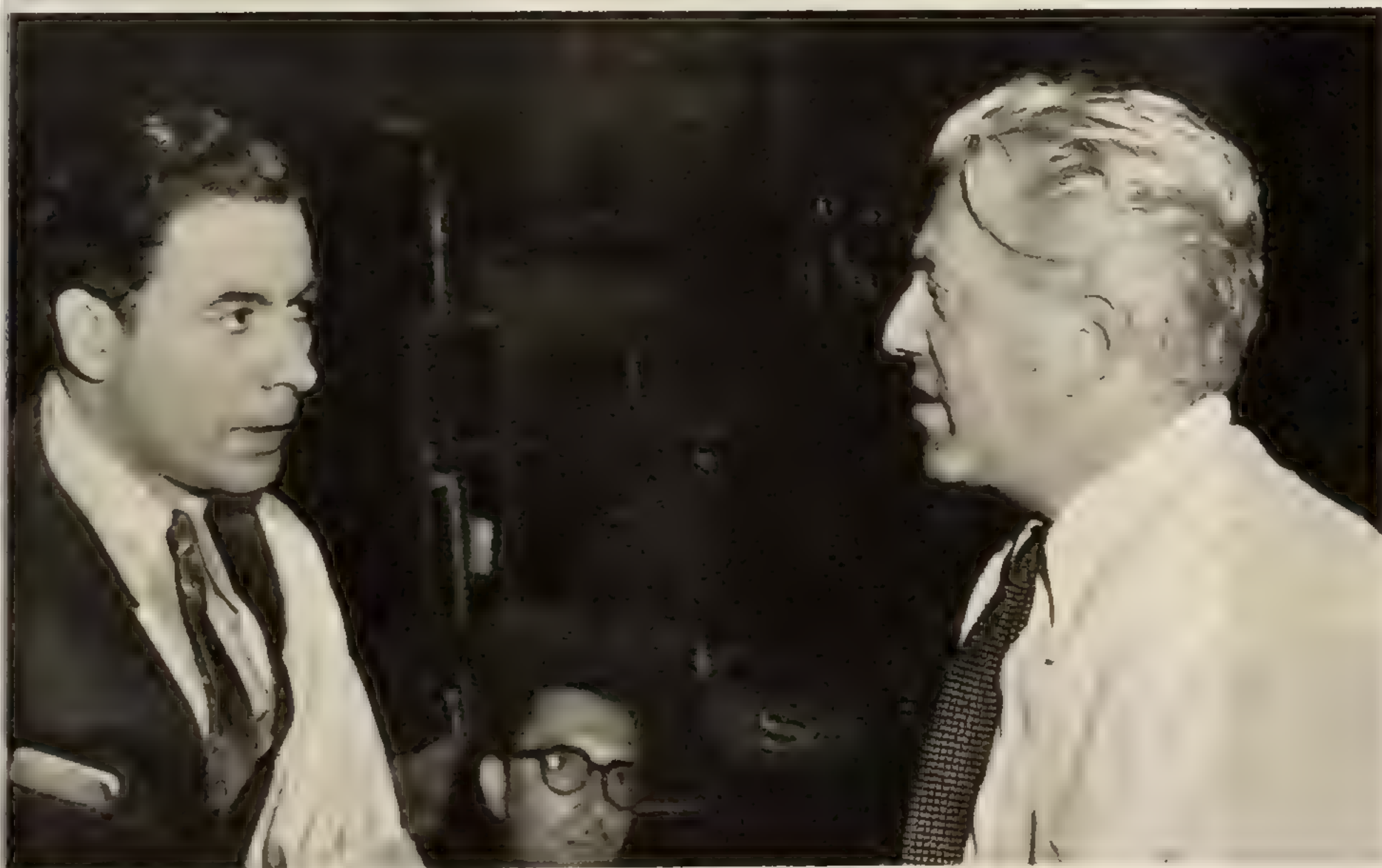
Wants To Live

always put the story before the star

initely-shaped dark eyebrows were fuzzed by use of a base cream to the disordered look characteristic of the mentally sick. In the scenes in which she is shown as more disturbed than at other times, such as when undergoing shock treatment, a smudge of shadow was pencilled under her eyes. With the exception of these two slight alterations which subtracted from, rather than added to her beauty, Livvy used no makeup whatsoever . . .

"On the studio lot, it is the business of the studio hairdresser to stick by the star as a stamp sticks to a letter. Before every scene, every take, the hairdresser combs the star's hair, beautifully, every-hair-in-place *perfectly*. When, on the first day of shooting 'The Snake Pit,' I caught sight of the ubiquitous hairdresser hovering, comb in hand, over de Havilland, I gave the hairdresser the shock treatment by telling her, 'Never, never come NEAR Miss de Havilland on the set. Once she is in a scene, just—you DO understand,

To play in "The Snake Pit," Leo Genn cancelled plans to go to England even though his luggage was already aboard ship.



Celeste Holm and Olivia de Havilland both subordinated their beauty to the characters they portrayed in "The Snake Pit."

don't you?—just go AWAY!' I said.

"The hairdresser stayed away and Livvy's lovely hair was, to her satisfaction, as to mine, the sorry sight it is throughout most of the picture.

"In all the scenes in the mental hospital, Livvy wore shapeless dresses or even more shapeless 'Hoover-type' hospital aprons . . . and there was none of this, 'In spite of being a sick woman can't I, for the sake of my fans, look a little better?' None of this at all. Even in the scenes showing her before and after her breakdown, her clothes, while becoming, gave her very little. Realizing that an aspiring writer such as *Virginia* was before she became ill, would be neatly, nicely but never expensively or glamorously dressed, Olivia, rigidly uncompromising, dressed, not to the enhancement of de Havilland but in the character of *Cunningham*.

"The story of the hair- (Please turn to page 66)

In "The Snake Pit," Olivia de Havilland, the writer-wife of Mark Stevens, dressed not to enhance herself, but in keeping with the role.





Audrey Totter flatly argues a point with her incredulous luncheon partner, Spencer Tracy of "Operation Malaya," at MGM festivities.



Two stars of "Take Me Out To The Ball Game," Frank Sinatra and Esther Williams, flank Walter Pidgeon, who's in "Forsyte Saga."

Sets of "That Midnight Kiss" and "Madame Bovary" were represented at the studio fete by Kathryn Grayson and Jennifer Jones.



MGM Celebration



"Neptune's Daughter" (or Esther Williams) watches George Murphy of "Border Incident" bib Lassie, the star of "Highland Lassie."



Red Skelton, now in "Neptune's Daughter," amusing Alexis Smith of "Any Number Can Play," at MGM's gala anniversary luncheon.



While Fred Robbins plugs the Martin album on his disk show, guest Tony looks properly modest.

HYA Blair!
Are you solid in there?
Well get out of that lair
And lend your schnoz to that air!

M-M-M just sniff a whiff of it and let it roll around that olfactory appendage! Hoist aloft the milk white rose and sweeten the night! 'Tis Summer! Back with the convertible top and call me sun-tanned! Eeehoo! No more white precipitation—just sol beating down! So let the Gaby or Copper-tone flow! Just as the sound from that turntable—whether it goes 'round at 78, 45, 33 1/2 or 66 2/3 revolutions per minute. Let's see what that finely ground piece of steel is emitting these days!

HEAVENLY!

Fran Warren—The voice with the bedroom look! Only way you can describe this kid with an ocean of emotion in her



Sparring with closed umbrellas are Fred and Jose Ferrer, of "The Silver Whistle."



Broadway dancer Valerie Bettis teaches Fred Robbins the best way to swing a hip.

Hurd Hatfield and Fred Robbins puzzle over the merits of two platters on Fred's radio program.



lungs—who's out with two of the beauties from "South Pacific," the new Rodgers and Hammerstein smash! "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair," which Mary Martin does in the show, and "He's A Wonderful Guy," a delightful waltz oozing with lilt! Then she pairs with Bill Lawrence—who's been making giant splashes on the same label and on the Arthur Godfrey show—for "Younger Than Springtime"—also from the show—and "I'll Do The Same For You," tres cute little opus perfect for boy and girl duet. All of which is additional circumstantial evidence by Fran that there's a great new canary in the gilded cage! (Victor)

Perry Como—Ezio Pinza booms these in "South Pacific," but the kid from Canonsburg, Pa., doesn't have to take a rumble seat via his groovings of "Some Enchanted Evening" and "Bali Ha'i." All the relaxation and hands in the pocket style of Perry goes into these two love-lies and make for a most dreamy hunk

of living. And that Rodgers and Hammerstein! Let's face it—they're the greatest things since the self starter and bebop! (Victor)

Frank Sinatra—Nancy's Daddy's quite prolific, but not too terrific, with two new cookies—one from "A Connecticut Yankee In King Arthur's Court," in which Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Huesen try hard to follow up their great score from "Going My Way," but that was a pretty tough one to follow. "If You Stub Your Toe On The Moon"—is an obvious pattern on "Swinging On A Star," but comes nowhere near it in charm or idea and "When Is Sometime" isn't up to their usual high standard either, hey. And F.S. is accordingly hampered in performance. Does much better on the fresh Alec Wilder baby—"Where Is The One," and "Bop Goes My Heart," with the Phil Moore Four behind him—fizziest rhythm tune Frank's done in eras! Those gorgeous albums are still Franklin's pinnacle! (Columbia)

Vic Damone—The young rascal whom Frankie calls his East Coast branch is singing like F.S. used to, only he's evolved a style more his own and is pretty caviar in his own right. Mais oui, Vickie's singing beautifully these days—as one needling of his fresh tracking'll show you—"Again," from "Road House," and "I Love You So Much It Hurts." Seconds may be had by digging "Comme Ci, Comme Ca" and "The Little Old Church In Leicester Square." These are all wool and a mile wide and full-bodied, too. (Mercury)

Jo Stafford—Ow! Right off the front burner, Myrna, comes Joltin' Josephine's freshest slicing—"Begin The Beguine," avec Paul Weston and the Starlighters wound around her—medium-well bounce. Flip is another great standard, "On The Alamo"—slow and groovey—and 'sabout time someone did this beaut lyrically. Warm as a hug—and that's no dream! And don't miss needling "Just Reminis-cin'" and "Always True To You" either, hey! (Capitol)

Dick Haymes—Just let your ear tussle with a man of muscle—the kid who brings up the sound from his toes on a quartet of fresh waffles—"Where Is The One," Alec Wilder's classy creation, "A Rosewood Spinet," "Skyscraper Blues," another N.Y. opus by Gordon (Manhattan Towers) Jenkins, and "Comme Ci, Comme Ca." You can almost feel the earth rumble when Richard opens that mouth. (Decca)

Gordon MacRae—If you think Dickie's the only kid who unbridles your decent poisons—Gordie'll have you MacRaesy in just the time it takes to dig his newie—"The Right Girl For Me," from "Take Me Out To The Ball Game," one of his finest slabs to date—full of warmth and shading. Gettin' better tout le temps. Flip is "I Get Up Every Morning"—what do I do, ditto, ditto? Answer—you'll be diggin' this record, that's what! Then he wraps that good golfin' arm around Cinderella G. Stump for "A.

You're Adorable" and "Need You," and these kids blend like Kaiser and Frazer. (Capitol)

Johnny Desmond—Oh, put that ice pack on my head, I'm igniting! Wow! Those lungs of Desmo! That voice is as cool as a patch of shade—but oh—so warm, too! 'Specially on "Comme Ci, Comme Ca," the best rendition of all!—and "My Dream Is Yours."

ALSO EARWORTHY!

FREDDY MARTIN'S "Humphrey Bogart Rhumba"—and BETTY GARRETT'S, too—'specially with Baby's boy comin' in at the last groove and askin' you to "relinquish your hold on that lethal weapon, Louie." (Victor and MGM) . . . RAY BOLGER'S "Once In Love With Amy," a thrilling biscuit in which a performer loses himself completely in a rendition. Just as he does it in "Where's Charley," Ray pours all the charm and lilt and excitement into Frank Loesser's brainchild. There's so much enthusiasm and vitality in it you'll join in just as the audiences of "Where's Charley" do. I dare you not to respond! And another example of how performance is everything—and a great sequel to "September Song" sung by Walter Huston—another example of a non-singer doing a song better than anyone has since! A classic! (Decca) . . . MAGGIE WHITING'S "Dreamer With A Penny," and "Forever And Ever," and "Great Guns," a rhythm deal, and "Comme Ci, Comme Ca"—nice gravy all—but then isn't every cookie Maggie bakes (Capitol) . . . "Swedish Rhapsody" and "Bop Went The Strings"—limp, buttery stuff by Paul Weston and Co.—the Rhapsody especially beautiful! (Capitol) . . . ALFRED DRAKE'S "So In Love" and "Were Thine That Special Face" from "K.M.K.," which he remade in ten-inch version. A dynamic, magnetic performer! (Victor) . . . KING COLE'S melty "Portrait Of Jennie"—with Nat's cozy cooing against a big bank of strings like in "Nature Boy." "An Old Piano Plays The Blues" on the back is moody and delicately groovey and most ear-arresting. (Capitol) . . . BING'S "Save Your

Sorrow" with EDDIE HEYWOOD and ork and "One Sweet Letter From You"—another in the long line of singles to right by the vice-prez of the Pittsburgh Pirates (Decca) . . . SY OLIVER'S "Grandma Plays The Numbers"—jumpin' novelty by Decca's new musical director—with Sy himself chirpin' about Granny and her hobby . . . Oodles of zest from the chest of KAY STARR on "Second Hand Love" and "You Broke Your Promise" (Capitol) . . . DINA H SHORE'S "I've Been Hit"—which could be one—Melissa's Mommy getting right under this leaper and giving it a swift lift! (Columbia) . . . HERB JEFFRIES first 4 for Columbia—"Bewildered," "Girls Were Made To Take Care Of Boys," "A Dreamer With A Penny" and "It's Easy To Remember"—one of the country's finest tonsil artists at last on a major label so everyone can dig his great purring . . . BILLY ECKSTINE'S goose-pimplly lyrical ride on "Caravan," the Duke's baby. Eckstatic static! (MGM) . . . MARTHA RAYE'S salty commentary on the famous report—"O-h-h Dr. Kinsey"—a riot! (Discovery) . . . and BILL LAWRENCE'S first Victor etching "I'm Beginning To Miss You" and "Dreamer With A Penny"—excellent effort by the Arthur Godfrey winner and the Robert Soxer's current rage. And he's a doll, too!

HOT!!

Metronome All Stars!—Yep, the Met All Stars are back and this year Victor's got 'em—and whatta biscuit! They turn it on like Edison—these greats—the winners of Metronome Magazine's annual all-star poll—guys like Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, Fats Navarro, trumpets; Charley Parker, alto; Kai Winding, J. J. Johnson, trombones; Charley Ventura, tenor; Lennie Tristano, piano; Buddy DeFranco, clary; Billy Bauer, guitar; Eddie Safranski, bass, and Shelley Manne, tubs! What a lineup! They could beat the Dodgers! And the sound is the end! "Overtime" is a Pete Rugulo original and "Victory Ball," a Lennie Tristano brainchild. Both faces are luxurious with stellar solos—you'll pop your top on this bop! (Victor) (Please turn to next page)



Jack Benny visits set of "Manhandled" to say hello to old friends, Dorothy Lamour, star of film, and the producers of it, Bill Thomas and Bill Pine.

Gene Krupa—Put your chin in hand and come closer! Genie with the light brown drumsticks bangs out a deuce of bop-instrumentals that'll have you gasping! "Lemon Drop"—with G.K. on the bongo and Frankie Ross ooh-ooing and ah-ah-ing to such an extent you'll be bewitched, bewildered and be-bopped! Flip is "Sim-ilau"—real Afro-Cuban stuff with Bill Black singing the A-C melody and Frankie Ross imposing a bop vocal over them. Shows how bop and Afro-Cuban blend. Primitive and exciting! (*Columbia*)

Charley Barnett—Ow! Hit me down the sideline and call me an ace! The Mad Maba and his premiere on Capitol—and how! Greatest band C.B.'s ever had and he's had lots of 'em. This is his newest and best-streamlined, modernized and Bopitized as well! And comes on like Dynaflo itself! There's "Chartreuse," potent mood stuff, of which Charley has issued so many beautiful things in the past, and "Cu-Ba," arranged by Walter Fuller, which turns the temperate into the torrid and will really bop you to sleep! Ears off to a brilliant new band! (*Capitol*)

Chubby Jackson—And yet another new gang! The Happy Monster, Gregg Stewart Jackson, has a crazy, leaping 14 piece team which swings from the heels. And bangs out a coupla homers on their first cookie, too—this one for Columbia. All the major labels are on a bop kick, Mam! There's "Father Knickerbopper" and "Godchild"—happy, fun-filled instrumentals with Chubby screaming all thru the grooves urging the guys on like a coach! And they come through like the Lone Ranger! (*Columbia*)

Also Groovey—DIZZY GILLESPIE'S brisk diskings of "Lover Come Back To Me" and "Guarachi Guaro"—dripping with the amazing Gillespie technique and Afro-Cuban influence. Torrid and tempestuous! (*Victor*) . . . BENNY GOODMAN'S great—but great—initial bop waffle of "Undercurrent Blues"—a tremendously exciting opus and the sound the band gets is the end! Proving when better bop is played Benny—at this rate—will play it! (*Capitol*) And MILES DAVIS has corralled a boppin' bunch on his number one Capitol cookie on two originals—"Budo," and "Move"—with leader Miles brilliant on trumpet and the rest of the members of the bopnocracy turning in inventive stuff. Wow! All the cookies are bop, the whole bop and nothing but bop these days! (*Capitol*)

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY!

ICHIRO TERASHIMA, Tokyo—Writes for oodles of info "a great deal of questions," as he says, practically a catalogue of what's happened in the U.S. for the last 10 years. Wish we had time, Ich, but try the library in Tokyo or write to Metronome and Downbeat here. Glad you can dig the spectacular vernacular. . . . NORMA STRETCH, Vancouver, B.C.—Louis Jordan's freshest cookie is "You Broke Your Promise" and "Safe,



Producer William Keighley, of the Radio Theatre, discussing the radio script of "Sitting Pretty" with Clifton Webb, Maureen O'Hara, stars of film original.

Sane And Single" and Louis Armstrong's is his 12 inch Victor album from the concert at Town Hall this kid presented. . .

JERRY GOLDMAN, Bessemer, Ala.—The Andrews Kids are recording like mad—all three of 'em and sometimes more—'cause they made biscuits with other Deccartists, too. Their freshest is "Don't Rob Another Man's Castle" and "I'm Biting My Fingernails" with Ernest Tubb and "Amelia, Cordelia, McHugh," with Danny Kaye. . . PAT LINDER, West Fairview, Pa.—Milton Berle made a record of "Mountain Greenery" in the Rodgers and Hart album on Victor. . . LOIS MEYERS, Baltimore, Md.—Johnny Desmond is on the Ronson show every Sunday night on the Mutual Network. At 7:55 P. M. . . Lemme know what's on that cranium, little geranium—and we'll try 'n answer. But make 'em intelligent like—"what do you think of the efficacy of tincture of aconite in the treatment of coo-coo-catarrrh?" See? . . . Dig you next month. . .

BEST IN THE NEST

FRAN WARREN—"He's A Wonderful Guy"—"I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair" (*Victor*)
JOHNNY DESMOND—"Comme Ci, Comme Ca" and "My Dream Is Yours" (*MGM*)
GORDON MACRAE—"The Right Girl For Me" (*Capitol*)
BENNY GOODMAN—"Undercurrent Blues" (*Capitol*)
KING COLE—"Portrait Of Jennie" (*Capitol*)
METRONOME ALL STARS—"Victory Ball" and "Overtime" (*Victor*)
DICK HAYMES—"Where Is The One" and "Skyscraper Blues" (*Decca*)
CHUBBY JACKSON—"Father Knickerbopper" (*Columbia*)
CHARLEY BARNETT—"Cu-Ba" (*Capitol*)
PERRY COMO—"Bali Ha'i" (*Victor*)

My Bobby-Sox Are Off

Continued from page 22

feeling that I'm doing something wrong. The waiters don't look at me out of the corner of their eyes, trying to decide whether I'm not just a bit too young for all the sophistication of a night spot.

Which leads me into more detail about a very important subject in every young woman's life—romance and eventual marriage.

When I was a few years younger, my mother used to worry about my running off to get married, or the fact that I'd fall too hard for someone and would get myself hopelessly confused and entangled.

She offered me an understanding ear for any troubles, and respected my opinions. She was rather definite in her attitudes about me and the subject of dates, but then she wasn't any different from any other mother. And, I will admit, she knew best.

One transition from bobby-sox to young ladydom is very noticeable to me,

and that's the subject of shopping. Where once I looked for hairbows and the frilly gew-gaws that delight the heart of a 16-year-old, now I shop for hats, shoes, and look lovingly at fur-pieces.

They say that when you buy your first fur coat, you're definitely out of the adolescent class, so this is another clincher for me. While I was on my personal appearance tour several months ago, Mother and I went out to a mink farm and picked out the furs for our coats. That was a real thrill, believe me, and I felt so worldly while I was selecting my pelts! Do you think I'll ever get such a wallop again out of buying a coat?

On this same tour I made my first long airplane flight, and I felt very much like a world-wide traveler when the plane landed in Cincinnati. There I was given more attention than I'd ever received before. The hotel management and the theatre in which I played made me feel very much like a young leading lady, and

of course I loved it!

In a way, too, I achieved a bit of fame in New York, because Reuben's famous restaurant decided to name a sandwich after me!

Somehow these things never happened to me just a few years ago, so I presume they all go with the full bloom of youth! I've learned to be less shy, by the way, and now I can yack along with the best of them, and have a good time while I'm doing it.

Of course, one of the changes which came with the shedding of adolescence is the fact that I don't have to go to school any more. I was a student at a private school, and I never cared much for it. We had no football games or proms, and certainly no spirit. I never had the opportunity to throw even one spitball, and how I used to envy other kids when they talked about all the fun they had in their classes!

My clothes too reflect my young-lady outlook. I notice that I have very few skirts and sweaters, and that I no longer strive for that casual look. Once upon a time I thought nothing of going into the Brown Derby wearing slacks, sweater, and baseball cap, but I'd never do that again. Skirts or slacks don't give me that "dressed-up" feeling.

Generally speaking, here are some other changes I've observed: I take better care of my clothes and other personal possessions. In the past, my mother usually checked my dresses for any damage, but now I always inspect them myself, and do all the necessary repairs.

I make my own decisions about what costumes I'd like to wear for any important function, instead of asking my mother first and then worrying whether everything would be all right. Now, of course, I always check with her to see if she likes the final effect, but I make the original choices myself.

On dates with Gary Steffen, my fiance, I let him do all the deciding about where we'll go. This may sound ordinary, but I had the common fault many young girls have of naming a definite place and insisting upon going there. It never occurred to me that perhaps the boy didn't have enough money to pay the check!

The older friends of my mother and father have shown their acceptance of my growing up in a rather interesting way. They ask me about my opinions on politics, national problems, and on current happenings; this is a far cry from the days when they talked down to me, and after they had exhausted their vocabularies, would tell me to run along while the older folks discussed more serious things!

I find that I'm a better hostess at my parties in our Early American ranch-style house, and that I don't rely on my mother so much to keep things running smoothly. After all, I figure it's my responsibility, and that it's up to me to see that the event is a success.

I've given considerable thought to my plans for the future which, of course, include marriage.

I'd like to win the kind of stardom Judy Garland enjoys, and like her, be able to pick out the roles I'd want to play. I loved Judy in "For Me And My

Gal" and would be more than happy with a role such as the one she played. And just to be on the safe side, should the opportunity arise, I'm taking dancing lessons as well as continuing with my music coaching.

This Summer I am planning to appear in the operetta, "The Student Prince," at the Greek Theatre in Los Angeles, and I hope that the management will offer me roles in "New Moon" and "Two Hearts in 3/4 Time," also favorite operettas of mine.

On the screen, a dream will come true if I can portray the life of Jenny Lind, that very famous Swedish singer who came to this country in a blaze of glory, and left unhappily, defeated and unnoticed. I'd also appreciate the chance to be in a movie built around Grace Moore's colorful career.

Often I'm asked if I wouldn't want to do a Broadway musical comedy or operetta. No, I wouldn't. I like working in motion pictures and living in California too much to get into the hustle and nervous excitement of backstage life. I feel that in time, the West Coast will have its own theatrical circuit, and I'll work on the stage here.

After I'm married, settled down in my own home, and have three children—I think I'd like two girls and a boy—I'd like to work out a deal with my studio for two pictures a year. It's an idealistic dream setup, but wouldn't it be marvelous if we could arrange it?

Naturally, I'm no different from any other young lady who is musing over her future, because when you get right down to it, I'm looking for happiness. Who isn't?

Did You Say Glamour Boy?

Continued from page 25

to have to worry about shaving or keeping makeup on. And I liked playing a rugged part."

Had he used a double in the heavy fight scenes? The answer was "No." Six-foot-three John Payne, who weighs a hundred and ninety-four pounds, could hold his own in any fight. He was a top athlete in college and has always kept active in sports.

Did he want to continue with Westerns, since, from all reports, he was sure to make a big hit in "El Paso?"

"No," John said. "I'll leave Westerns to stars like Gary Cooper, who have made a real success of them."

But his next picture was to be a rugged sea classic for Pine-Thomas, "Captain China," in which John, with bared torso, would battle the elements; a far cry from the musicals with Betty Grable. No one could say that his screen roles have lacked variety!

At this point, talk quickly turned to John's favorite pastime in New York, going to plays. Strangely enough, he had disliked "A Streetcar Named Desire." I had thought of that as an actor's play. But John disagreed, vehemently. He was more of the philosopher there than



Bob Hope with Mary Jane Saunders who makes her bow in "Sorrowful Jones."

If I had my choice of leading men for future pictures, the first actor I'd choose would be Cary Grant. I've never met him, but I like his looks, and I certainly could learn so much from him that would improve my work before the camera. So, keep your fingers crossed for me, and maybe one of these days this desire of mine to act with Cary Grant will come true!

I've always loved working in pictures, but now that I am considered a young leading lady, I'm wild about it. My scope is wider, and it's such fun playing a romantic role rather than merely being a youngster who breaks out into song every so often. It's a great feeling to know that you're important to the plot, and this is true not only in movies, but in the life of every girl who is growing up!

actor, and was severely critical of the Tennessee Williams approach to life.

"I think his plays glorify the importance of a neurotic beyond all reason," he said. "Why drag people down when they come out for an evening in the theatre by holding up to them the miseries, the scum of existence, the sordid side of life that they're trying to forget? We face enough of that in our day-to-day living. I think any art form—music, painting, drama—should hold up an ideal, not be iconoclastic, or tear down illusions, instead of build them up."

"Our feet are in the mud, let's keep our heads among the stars," should be our maxim for living, and the arts should be impelling forces for lifting us above the disappointments and depressing influences of the world that we see about us, the neurotic elements in our own lives. Personal tragedies should have no place in the arts.

That was putting it strongly enough! John spoke quickly, impatiently, with a sort of restless energy which showed he was expressing thoughts long studied out in his mind, and eager to be voiced.

What about marriage, I asked him. How did his personal philosophy enter

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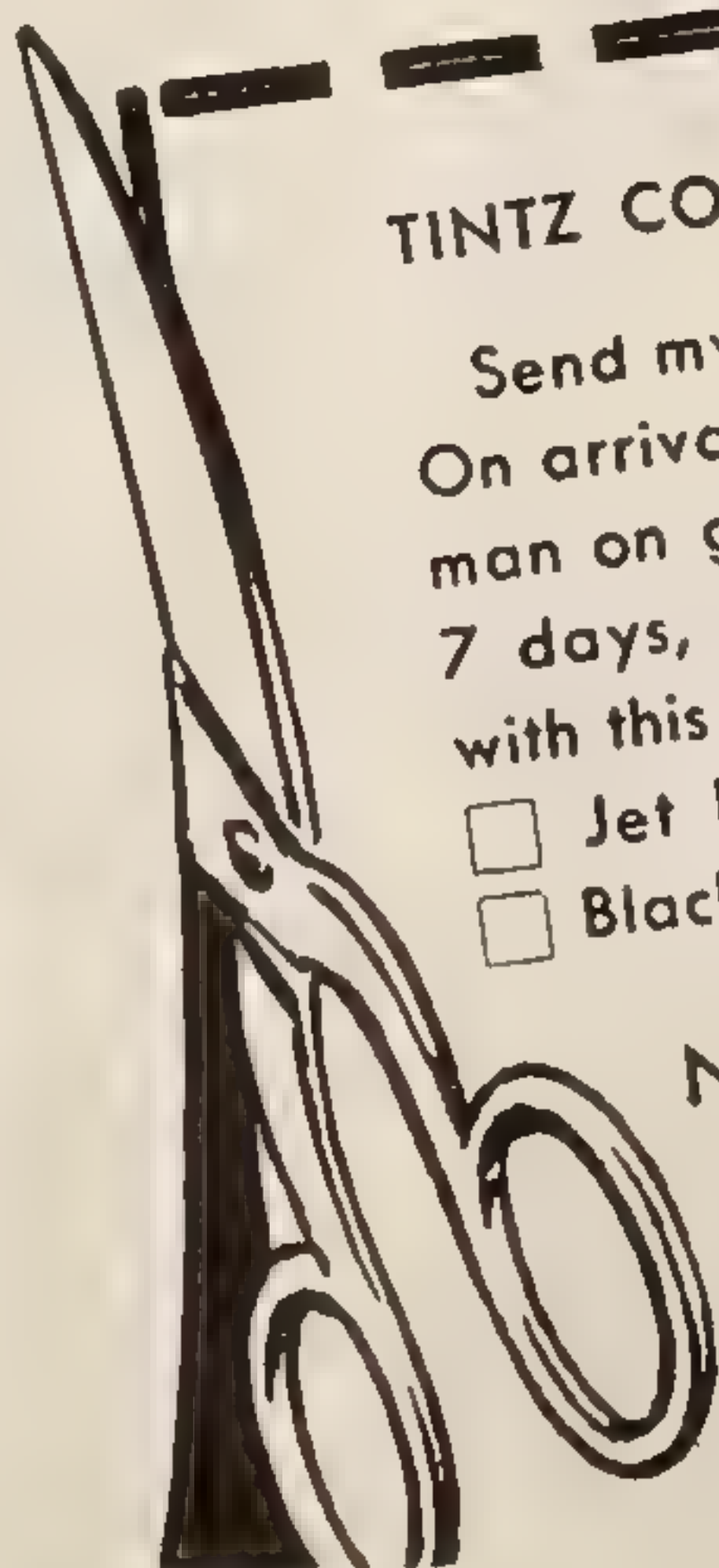
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into the marriage picture? What did he consider to be the thing in a marriage which contributed most to its success?

"Patience," he said quickly. "The patience to work out problems to the mutual benefit of husband and wife. After all," he continued, "what is love but a community of interests—the union of two people who have their eyes fixed on the same goal in life? And there must be patience to overcome the innumerable obstacles placed in the way."

"But," I said, "there is a point, isn't there, where patience ceases to be a virtue if one is to retain his personal convictions and integrity?"

John went along with that. But he was firm in his belief that if one kept striving toward an ideal, a marriage could work out, despite the fact that he and his wife had recently separated.

Would a marriage have a better chance if the husband and wife had widely divergent careers, or if the wife just played the role of homemaker? Or, could two people of the same profession, and the same interests, make just as great a success of it?

John thought that two people, with the same careers and the same goal in life, would have the better marriage ("Look at Lunt and Fontanne!").

"But they must agree on the methods by which they will attain that goal," he added emphatically.

One got the feeling that John Payne, with his idealistic approach to life, tried to exert great patience on his own part to smooth over any problems of marriage.

Then, there are those children he's so crazy about.

"I wouldn't be without my children for two weeks, if I could help it," he said.

"Would you take them on location with you and everywhere you went, if you could?"

"Sure. Why not?" he replied. "They'd love it. And, why not have them with me, if I can?"

He has three children. He was previously married to Anne Shirley and they have a daughter, Julie, aged eight. In 1944, he married Gloria De Haven from whom he's separated. They have two children; Kathleen, three years old, and a son, Thomas, born February 19, 1948.

Those two girls are the apples of his eye. "They're Daddy's-girls, come right to the old man when they want something," he said. And the boy?

"I don't know what I'm going to do about him," he laughed. "Here he is over a year old, and he hasn't contributed a cent yet to the family income!"

I wondered if he were a strict father. I told him about a talk I had had once with Bing Crosby in which Bing said he was old-fashioned and believed that "Spare the rod, and spoil the child!"

"Well, Bing's children are older than mine," John said, "but I'll go along with that. I'm firm with my kids, too."

"You don't spank them, do you?" I asked.

"Sure I do," was his answer. "Children are wonderful, but they're like little animals, little beasts. You can't reason with them, until they get to be old enough to understand. There's a certain



Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in N. Y. for "Knock On Any Door" premiere.

period—from two to six years, I would say, when they form some very important habits and impressions that remain with them for the rest of their lives, and you've got to help them learn what is best for them. You can't do it by trying to reason with them. You've got to spank them when they're wrong."

John Payne, the father, it seems, is just as single-minded as John Payne, the actor and intellectual. I think this singleness of purpose must have been an outstanding characteristic of his throughout his career, once he decided what was right.

John was born on May 28, 1912, in Roanoke, Virginia. His parents were George Washington Payne, real estate operator, and Ida Schaefer Payne, once a singer of minor roles at the Metropolitan Opera. John attended grammar school in Roanoke, then enrolled in Mercersburg Academy in Pennsylvania. Still in his teens, he shipped as steward on various ships during Summer vacations, visiting Europe, South America, Mexico and Cuba.

While John was attending Mercersburg, his father died, leaving him with his mother and two brothers. At this point, John seems to have been undecided as to what he wanted in the future. He attended Roanoke College, Duke University and University of Virginia before finally landing at Columbia University to study journalism.

"I was shopping for a school," he said.

At Columbia, he had every intention of following through with his journalistic career. However, Fate stepped in and took a hand. Among his elective subjects, he was taking a course in poetry and a course in Shakespearean research. This last course was taught by Estelle Davis Coit, who took the form of Fate with John. She was a wonderful, determined little old lady, weighing 88 pounds, and she was John's favorite teacher. In the Shakespearean research course the students made reconstructions of historic sets, and John became more and more interested in the theatre. He had dabbled a bit in campus theatricals at the University of Virginia, but it was Miss Coit who definitely started him on the long road to success. "Henry V" was to be put on at Columbia's MacMillan Theatre, and she thought John should play

the title role. John thought not, but Miss Coit was adamant. He found himself playing the part.

"I had a thick southern accent," John laughed, "and the girl who played Katharine was from Brooklyn, with a real Brooklyn accent. Between us, we sure messed up that play good!"

While he was working at the University's MacMillan Theatre, Payne was offered the job as stock player for the Shuberts at \$50 a week. This was manna from heaven. He took it, and played in countless road shows for the Shuberts. It was while playing in "At Home Abroad," in support of Beatrice Lillie, that he received his chance at the movies. He signed a film contract with Goldwyn, but it came to nothing, and when it expired he signed with Paramount. Betty Grable was just starting at that time, on the same lot. Later, they became two of the most popular co-stars in Technicolor musicals, and John Payne has been in demand ever since, his movie career assured.

About the future, John Payne has some pretty definite ideas. He is one movie actor who isn't eager to get back to Broadway, though he enjoyed playing in "The Voice Of The Turtle," with Joan Caulfield, at a Summer theatre last season. He knows how difficult it is to find the right vehicle. He wants to produce his own movie next. He has acquired the rights to a comedy-drama, "I Give You Maggie," an original that was written for Margaret Sullivan, and wants to launch it as his first effort in that field. Then, he wants to do an occasional realistic film like the documentary he has just completed, "The Crooked Way," which is about paraplegics.

He wants a new private plane and time to fly it, one comfortable enough for his children to accompany him on his trips. John is an enthusiastic flier. One of the disappointments of his life was when an order was canceled at the last moment that would have sent him to India with the Army Air Corps, during the War.

But John, with his philosophy, doesn't dwell long on regrets. He spoke of his real estate business in Hollywood—yes, with everything else, he's definitely practical and a success in business—and of his home in Beverly Hills. He's about ready to give that up, he said, and go to his place beyond Malibu on the ocean to live. It would be an ideal spot for the children.

John looked out the window toward Central Park again, about this time, and suddenly embarked on a scientific fantasy, inspired, no doubt, by his beloved Science Fiction Monthly. Off and on, during our interview, his enthusiasm for science had led him into scholarly discussions on the subject of atom bombs and futuristic inventions with his two friends. But, not with me! It was interesting talk, but 'way over my head. Definitely no conversation for a girl who flunked college Math, and skinned by Physics with a "D."

"Just imagine," John said, "if somebody could build a huge room under Central Park and install a machine that would be set so its rays would disintegrate the bone structure of people when

they were within a certain radius of it! Of course, getting the room built—"

I gathered up gloves and bag hastily, and said goodbye.

When next I hear of John Payne, I'm sure he will still be keeping his head among the stars, his eyes on the Science Fiction Monthly! And his program of life can mean only one thing—continued success.

Couldn't Be Happier

Continued from page 29

can win an Oscar with no help whatever from the picture as a whole, she's done a job for herself.

Director William Wellman, confronted with the problem of finding someone to play the hellcat role in "Yellow Sky" opposite such accomplished performers as Gregory Peck, Richard Widmark and character actor Henry Morgan, said bluntly: "I want an actress. I want Anne Baxter." A lot of glamour girls wanted that role, but Wellman wanted an actress. He wanted Anne Baxter, Hollywood's youngest genuine "pro."

With Dan Dailey set for the new 20th Century-Fox musical, "You're My Everything," and Betty Grable busy elsewhere making "The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend," the problem arose as to who could play opposite Dailey. The answer was Anne Baxter. She can do everything else, the studio executives figured, so there's no reason why she can't do a musical.

How did she get that way? How does a girl in her middle twenties reach the point where she is a solid success in her chosen field, an Academy Award winner at 23, a versatile performer who has adroitly avoided being typed, and with an even brighter future ahead of her?

"No, I've never looked at it quite that way," Anne goes on in her provocatively husky voice. "I've been lucky, I guess. My parents helped me from the beginning. I never stop being amazed at the independence and responsibility they gave me. Why, when I was only 11, I used to commute into New York City from Westchester County all alone to go to dramatic school. When I was 15, I went up to Cape Cod all alone to play in stock. It was good for me, too. Made me realize I had to live up to my parents' confidence in me. And it's not every mother who will be so tolerant and understanding of an eleven-year-old daughter's passion for acting."

Born in Michigan City, Indiana, Anne moved with her parents to New York when she was 4. Her father is a successful New York businessman, her grandfather, the famed architect, Frank Lloyd Wright. Although a family of means, they didn't insist that Anne go to college, and may or may not have been guided by some sixth sense when they allowed their young daughter to pursue with a free hand that "passion for acting" that led her through stock and Broadway (she played with Eva Le Gallienne in "Madam Capet") to a Fox contract al-

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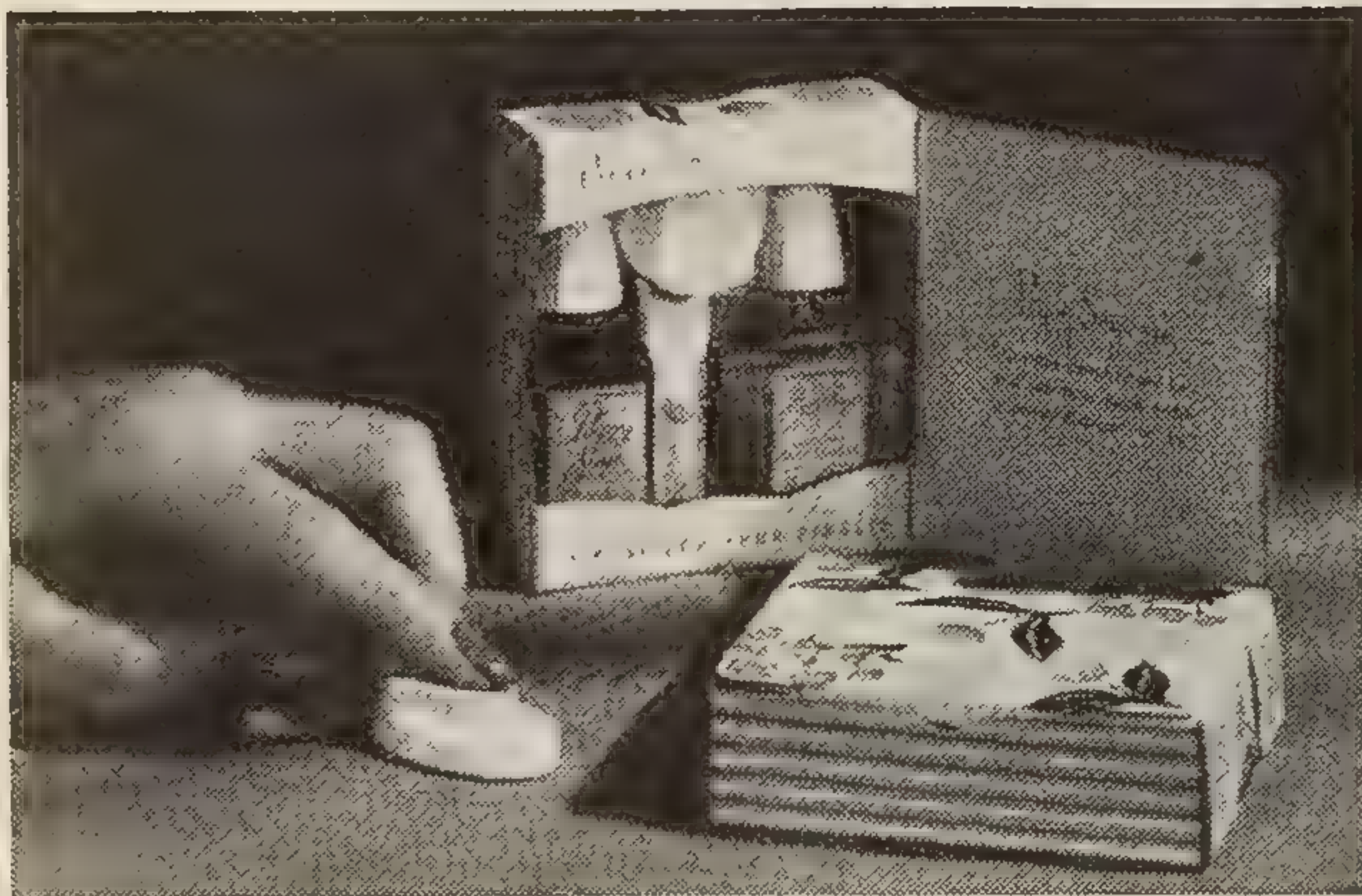
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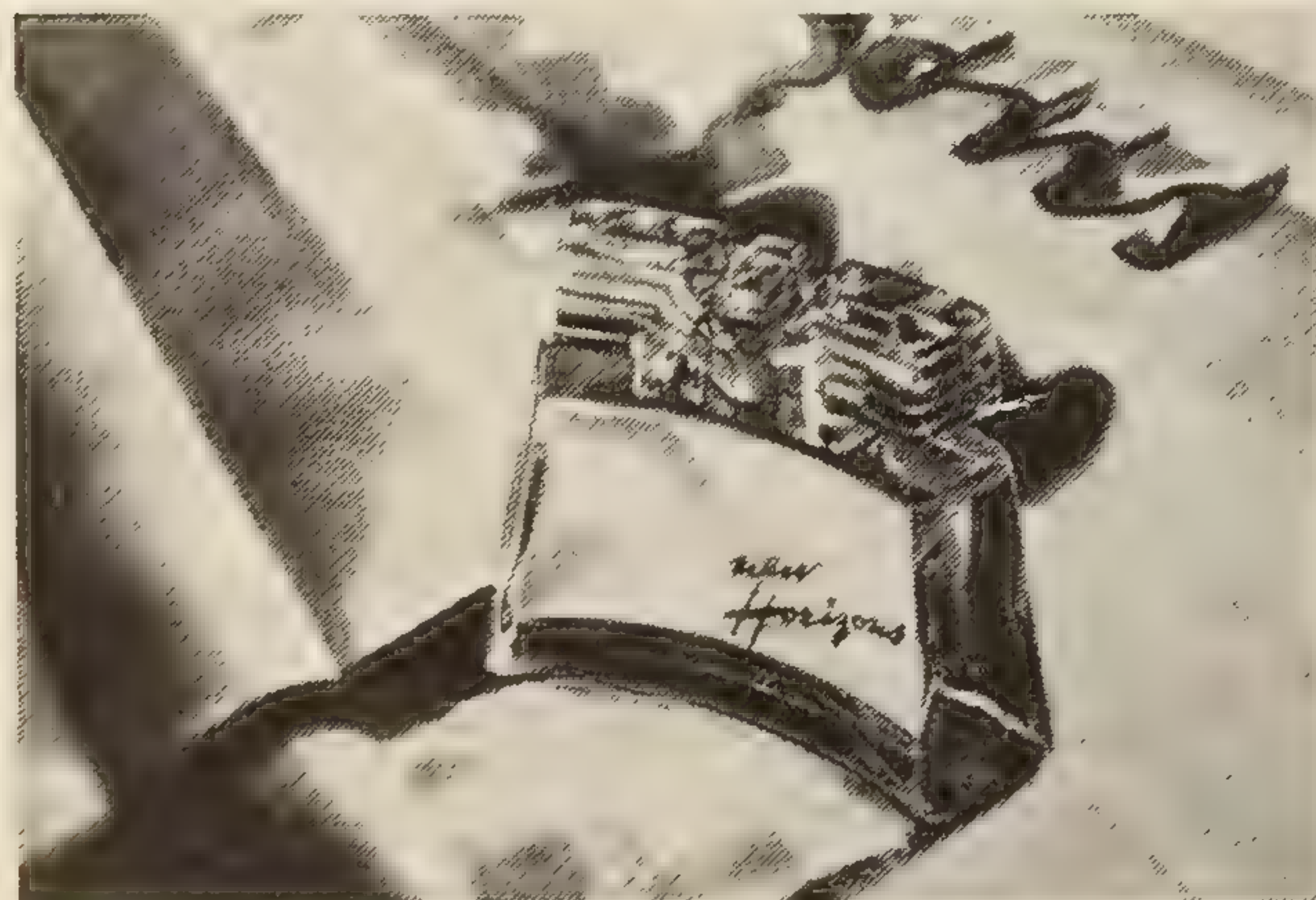
GUIDE To Glamour



TO THE romantic leading ladies of this month—the brides, the bridal attendants, the graduates and girls in general—beauty pays its tribute in color, fragrance and ingenuity, all newer than new.

Peggy Sage has added a real bonus to a beflowered package of manicure polish, lubricant polish remover and convenient cotton. The extra is the finger rest, to hold you steady at your finger "art." The package, complete, is a mere \$.75.*

There is a trend these days for truly fine perfumes in smaller sizes. Happily, this now includes Ciro's New Horizons in the new \$4.50* size. It has been said that New Horizons is "The perfume that carries you on and on."



Ciro's New Horizons, imaginative and delightful, now comes in a smaller size of the original winged bottle.

It's nice that Rapture Pink, a radiant crimson with a touch of blue, by The House of Westmore, is here for June, for it's fashion-coordinated to wear with all current colors. Lipsticks are from \$.29 to \$1,* cream or dry rouge is from \$.29 to \$.59.*

Guerlain, a name synonymous with exquisite perfumes, has just introduced L'Heure Bleue (*the blue hour of dusk*) Eau de Cologne. Fragrance is that of sandalwood and flowers. \$4.50* to \$7.50.*

Etiquet Deodorant Cream, which both deodorizes and checks perspiration, now comes in a dainty tube for easier and daintier use. It's all you could ask for intimate grooming and is \$.39.*

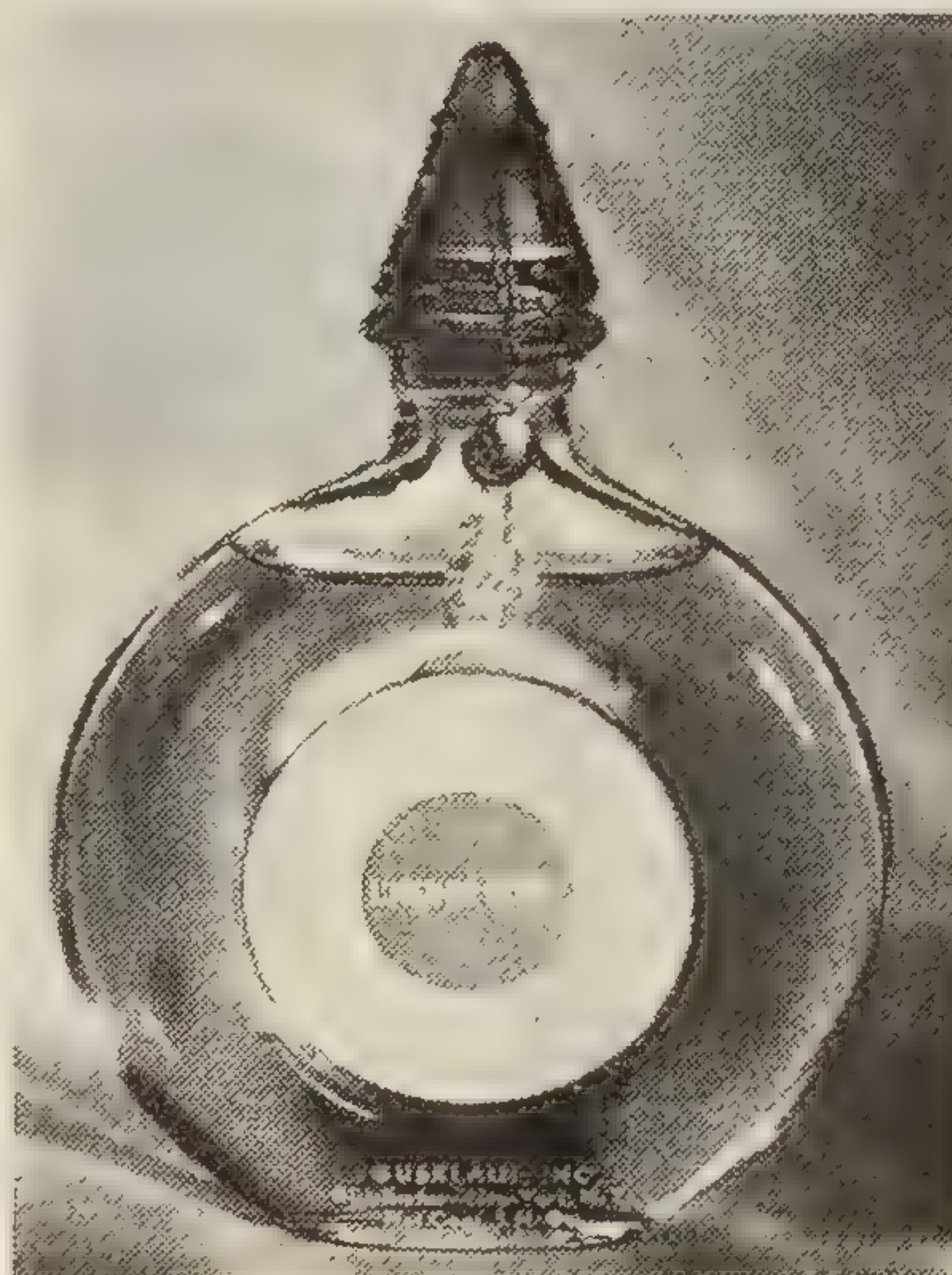
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most ten years ago when still a mere youngster.

The passion has stuck with her, instead of burning itself out, and along with it Anne has developed a tremendous capacity for learning. "I look back on some of my earlier pictures now and just shudder. How on *earth* could I have been that bad! I remember 'Five Graves To Cairo,' back in 1942, where I had a role that called for a great deal of emotional conflict that had to be held in. I felt it, all right, but I held it in so completely that it never came across on the screen."

But it came across in "The Razor's Edge." It was Director Edmund Goulding who taught her how to project emotion for the camera, how to bang on a wall in a fit of sick fury without being afraid of embarrassing the audience, how to let herself go and do anything a role demanded, no matter how wild or uninhibited.

The lesson stuck, as most lessons do with Anne, and she went into "Homecoming" to tackle a part that could have been poison to a less competent actress—that of the sweet, understanding, long-suffering wife whose husband fell in love with a nurse overseas. It was a part that could have been sticky-sweet to the point of nausea. Anne gave it character, brought it to life, made it "sing" as only a pro can when faced with a tough role.

"And that reminds me," Anne says, rather sharply and banging on the table to lend emphasis to her point. "Some day somebody is going to write a story in which the *wife* is going to be the glamorous, beautiful siren and that 'other girl' down at the office is going to be the mouse—oh, very understanding and all that, but still a mouse. Golly, to read the novels these days you'd think no man ever married an attractive girl. It always has to be a mouse, with a glamour-puss lurking on every corner to snatch him away from her. Why can't some of these writers give us real-life wives a little credit?"

A point well taken. Anne herself is a beautiful wife—and even more beautiful when her eyes snap and she bangs on the table.

But this career business. Even if it is successful, is it worth the candle? Aren't there a lot of headaches? Doesn't it interfere with a normal homelife?

Anne Baxter is nothing if not honest. "Of course there are headaches. What career doesn't have them? Housewives, secretaries, business girls, actresses—everybody has her own particular assortment of headaches."

Such as?

"Such as clothes, for one thing." (*Anne is wearing a very becoming tailored suit which looks like anything but a headache.*) "Oh, yes—clothes. Because I'm an actress, I'm expected to keep up to the minute with the latest fashions. Sometimes even ahead of them, for in August, a magazine editor is going to want fashion pictures for one of his Winter issues, and that doesn't mean I can drag out last Winter's clothes. Oh, no—I have to have *next* Winter's."

"I have to be well-dressed, well-groomed, bright and gay *every single minute*. If I want to run down to the

corner to pick up some extra groceries, can I dash out in my bluejeans with a bandanna wrapped around my uncombed hair and my old polo coat slung across my shoulders? I cannot. I have to stop and comb my hair, fix my face, put on a dress—and it can't be a dress I've been seen in too often, either.

"It's just a practical matter of business, of course. I'm an actress and I'm expected to look like one—all the time. But sometimes it's also a gosh awful headache."

All right, the amazing fact has been established that a beautiful career girl is forced to look upon beautiful clothes as a headache. Perhaps her ruffled feelings can be soothed with a question that will allow her to coo and gurgle a bit.

How about her married life? Are there any real problems in having two well-known stars in the family?

You already know the usual answer to that one, of course: "Oh, no. John and I go our separate ways in the morning and then come back at night and leave our studio problems outside the door and enjoy our evenings together just like any other couple."

Anne Baxter Hodiak looks you straight in the eye and figuratively hands you an eraser.

"It's tough," she says earnestly. "It's darn tough. And if we weren't in love and hadn't taken out insurance on our marriage by recognizing our particular problems and keeping them out in the open where they belong, the marriage couldn't possibly have worked."

"When we get home nights, we're tired. John doesn't always find the bright and cheerful little wife whom men eternally want to come home to. Sometimes I'm nervously exhausted, irritable. And sometimes he is, too. But we've understood from the beginning that it was going to have to be like that many times, and in understanding it and knowing it for what it is—just an occasional spell of normal, temporary bad humor—we don't let it get the better of us. We're in love, that's all. And I might add that the young couple who don't realize right from the very beginning that they can't be *Abelard* and *Heloise* on a constant, 24-hour basis may be headed straight for the divorce court."

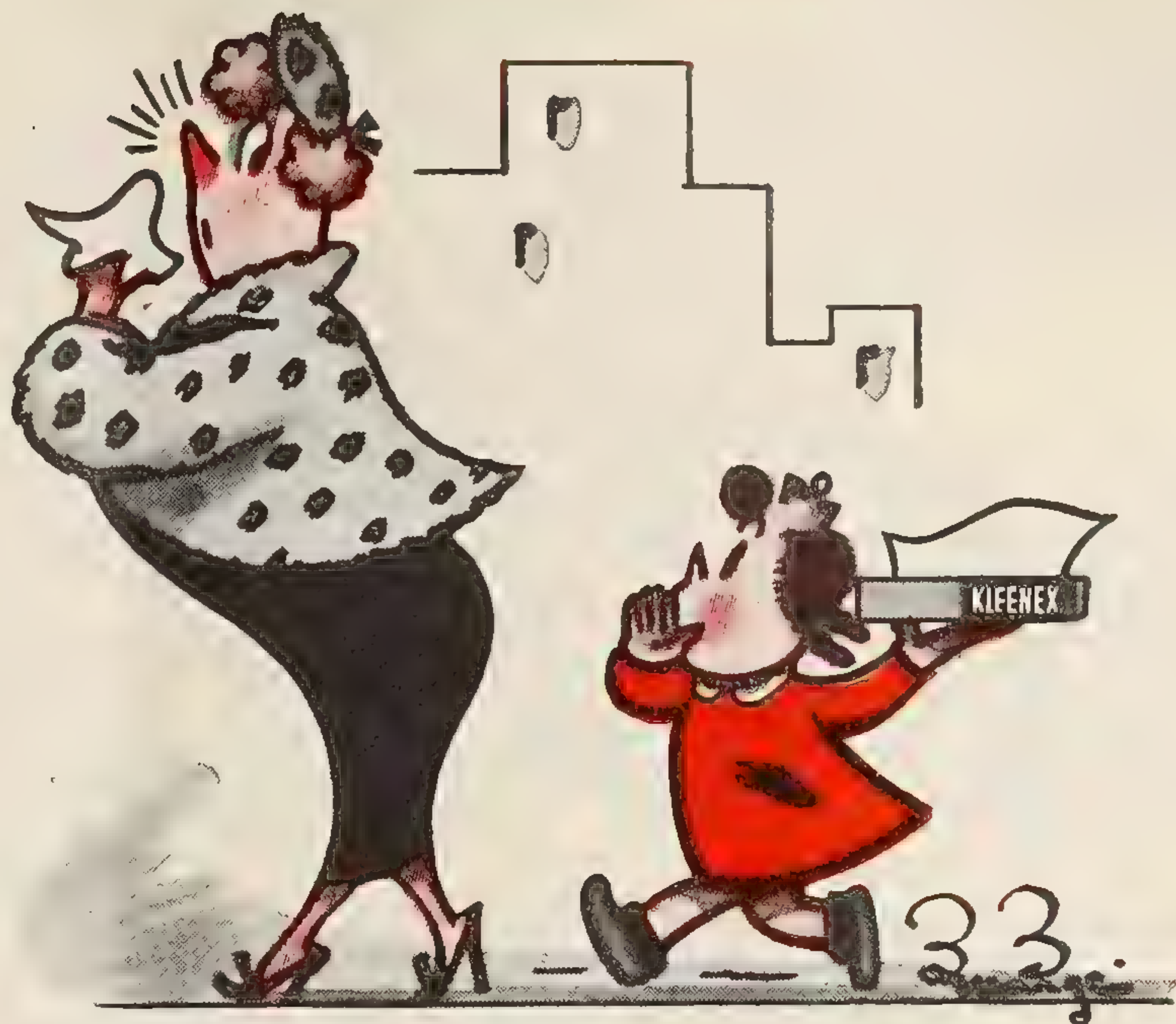
Vacations are another headache for Anne and John. "We almost never get them together—and when we do, we get so excited trying to figure out where we can go and how we can spend the most time together that we're nervous wrecks by the time we get to wherever we've finally decided to go."

"Someday," she adds wistfully, "maybe we'll both be well enough established to have some say about our time off."

That would seem to be one more score on which Anne needn't worry much longer. An accomplished actress, a trouper, a career girl in the truest sense of the word, she is rapidly becoming recognized as one of Hollywood's best answers to the type of bad publicity which clings to the movie colony with all the tenacity of a tireless leech. And Hollywood is not slow to pay its just debts.

Anne herself is too modest to realize it, but another picture or two under her

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belt and she's going to be in a position to do a little picking and choosing of her own. She'll pick wisely and well, mixing them up, playing the wide variety of roles that has already given her a

splendid reputation.

She loves her job, headaches and all. She'll be around for a long, long while. Come 1995, and Ethel Barrymore's place is going to be well filled.

Betty Lets Her Hair Down!

Continued from page 31

In the years since, she's grown into an even lovelier woman, while I became a grandmother.

We didn't exactly hit it off on that first meeting. Betty never did make friends quickly. She's not one for snap judgments, and she chooses her friends with about as much speed as a John D. Rockefeller making out his income tax return. She takes her time.

With Gloria Stuart, then a top Fox star, I had been loaned to the Samuel Goldwyn Studios for a musical called "Whoopee."

In the chorus line were Betty and some other youngsters, including Paulette Goddard, Grace Poggi and Lucille Ball. Something about Betty stood out. She was one of the prettiest young girls I'd ever seen, with a white, creamy complexion, a soft, rounded face, and the same smile that is still winning friends and influencing box-offices all over the country. I liked the way she handled herself, and the way she minded her own business, and I walked over to where she and her mother were sitting between scenes and offered to help her with her hair.

Very simply, and yet very definitely, with the air of a youngster who knows her own mind, she told me, "Thank you, but I'd rather you didn't. I *always* do my own hair."

Betty hasn't changed much. She still hates to have other people do for her the things she can do for herself—and do better at that. She puts on her own makeup, does her own manicure, takes care of her personal wardrobe, for example. She hates to be fussed over. I think sometimes that she only puts up with me because she's used to me, and because she can't avoid it. It's her one concession to movie star tradition. A star is supposed to have a hairdresser. But, once in a while, when I'm setting her hair for a movie scene, I get the feeling she'd like to take the comb away from me and do it herself. And believe me, many times she does!

After the Goldwyn picture, I didn't see her for a few years. Then she came on the lot for a screen test, and I was assigned as the hairdresser. With that sharp memory for names and faces that never fails to astound me, she remembered me—but she still didn't let my comb get near her. When I saw the way she handled herself, I didn't mind. She knew what she was doing. She looked wonderful, and she didn't get the contract *only* because the studio felt she was too young.

I didn't see her again until after she had done "DuBarry Was A Lady," the stage musical, and set Broadway on its

ear. She came back to Hollywood and 20th Century-Fox as a star, and I was assigned as her hairdresser on "Moon Over Miami." But it took her four or five more pictures to get used to the idea. I noticed then many things about her that are still the same—her shyness of people she doesn't know, her very real disregard for her own importance, her directness, and above all, her unfailing sense of humor. In eighteen pictures, these things haven't changed.

I've watched Betty from a close vantage spot, and I know her middle moods as well as her ups and downs. I have watched her grow from a happy-go-lucky young girl to a mature and lovely woman, and I've seen her become the top feminine box-office star and find her ultimate happiness with Harry and those two beautiful children she adores.

I know the things that excite and delight her, and the things that leave her cold. I know her foibles and phobias, the things she hates and the things she loves. What I know adds up to the girl I think of as a remarkable person—who is more than a million dollar movie star; she is also a prize package of straightforward sincerity and a modesty that would be just as amazing in someone who had something to be modest about—which Betty hasn't.

I recall the day Babe Ruth, shortly before his death, visited the set of "When My Baby Smiles At Me." The whole crew, including Walter Lang, the director, and Dan Dailey, her co-star, wanted to meet him, and so did Betty. But *she* was scared. She had to be dragged from her dressing room for an introduction. In a moment, bashful Betty was back, while everyone else was crowding around the Babe. Betty wanted nothing like she wanted Babe Ruth's autograph, but she was too shy to ask. She just sat there, trying to build up her nerve. "I wish," she said wistfully, "that someone would come and get me. I hate to go out there by myself."

Someone did. It seemed Babe Ruth wanted *her* autograph. Betty looked at me as if somebody had just offered her the Taj Mahal, and floated happily out the door. When she came back, she had the Babe's signature on, not one, but three, baseballs. The second was for Harry, and the third, to my surprise, was for one of the boys in Harry's orchestra. I hadn't realized before that Betty knew any of the James musicians, but I found out she knew all of them well enough to be aware that one of them had always idolized Babe Ruth. It was just one of the many nice things typical of Betty. And I'm sure she sent the baseball to him via Harry, and tried to

pretend she had nothing to do with it!

Betty will do anything for a friend, but she hates to be caught at it. A real softie, she covers up her sentiment with a cloak of kidding. If she wants to do something for you, she tries to pass it off casually.

One of Betty's sweetest gestures meant a lot to me personally, but she would never let me thank her. My son, Keefe Brasselle, is an actor, and one afternoon when he dropped in on the set of "That Lady In Ermine" he mentioned he was up for an important part in the picture, "Knock On Any Door." Betty was in the midst of reading the book, and was crazy about it, and they discussed at great length the character Keefe was interested in.

Then, without a word to me of her intentions, Betty did something that afternoon that I would never have known except for what I read in the papers. She called Louella Parsons, and gave Keefe a build-up that would make a press agent's conversation sound weak by comparison. That plug from Betty Grable, who has never sought publicity for herself, did Keefe a lot of good, and he'll never forget it. Miss Parsons didn't forget it either, for she mentioned it again when Keefe got a good break in "Not Wanted," a picture that Ida Lupino is producing. When you're a newcomer, it helps a lot to have a big star pulling for you. It's the kind of nice, quietly wonderful thoughtfulness that is typical of Betty.

I like to think, too, of the time in 1943 when I accompanied her on a lengthy hospital tour. For all of her shyness, and her hesitancy at meeting new people, she can conquer her terror of crowds when the occasion calls for it. I've never seen Betty work so hard as she did during those weeks on the road, entertaining soldiers all over the country. I particularly remember one night at Fort Bragg, when she was scheduled for an outdoor show. It was pouring rain, and not the kind of weather for the fancy white satin and sequined gown Betty was wearing. The officer in charge suggested they cancel the show, but Betty gritted her already chattering teeth and walked on stage amid the cheers of 5,000 soldiers waiting in the rain.

"If they can stand it," she said, "so can I." And there she stood, for almost two hours, singing her heart out. Her hairdo was drooping, and her dress was getting longer by the minute, and there was Betty in the rain, having the time of her life.

I remember, too, the first hospital wards we covered, when neither Betty nor I had ever been around people who were seriously hurt or maimed. I watched Betty walk into a ward where soldiers were being treated for serious airplane injuries, and I knew she was scared. She stayed a long time, and when she came out, she said, in quiet wonderment, "You know, I never thought I'd be able to do that."

The next morning, she couldn't wait to get started all over again. And when she'd covered the entire hospital, the largest in the country at that time, the soldiers who could leave their rooms

gathered in the auditorium to thank her, and to present her with some gifts of handicraft made during their convalescence. I have never seen Betty so touched, and I was so moved by her reaction I couldn't help crying. When Betty saw me there, she tried to laugh it off, but the tears were streaming down her own face as she said, "What are *you* crying about? You look real gooney!"

I couldn't tell her. She'd have hated me if I had tried to say how much I admired the work she had been doing, and the relentless way in which she drove herself during that tour. A simple, undemonstrative person herself, she hates gushers. Words like "sensational" offend her. The only way to compliment Betty is to tell her she is good. That means something.

On a picture, Betty and I have a pretty consistent work routine. She comes into her dressing room at the studio about 7 o'clock, scrubbed and shiny in fresh slacks and a white blouse. Rarely is there any conversation, just a friendly, quick, "Hi," and then we get to work on the hairstyle for the day's scenes. All business.

She never watches a clock, but somehow, instinctively, she knows when an hour has gone by. Between 5 and 10 minutes after 8, she calls home to say hello to Vicki, who is just having her breakfast. Every morning it's the same conversation: "Hi, Vicki. What's doing? Is Daddy still asleep? Please don't wake him, he worked late last night. How are the puppies? What are you going to do today? What's Jess having for breakfast?"

She calls her home five or six times a day—to talk to Vicki, to talk to Harry, to be sure the gardener has shut the gate, to be sure the housekeeper ordered the roast, to find out from Miss Parsons, the nurse, if Vicki and Jessica ate their spinach. . . .

The responsibilities of movie stardom don't weigh half so heavily on her mind. She takes those in stride, and although she's a perfectionist about her work, she never worries about it. When she's doing dance numbers, the day is a laugh from start to finish. Everything is for a gag, and she likes nothing better than a leading man with a sense of humor. She and Dan Dailey get along beautifully, because he likes to yak it up too when it doesn't interfere with business. "Y'know, for an actor," she'll tell him, "you're okay." "For a Queen," he'll kid back, "you're real democratic."

If it's a tough day, and Betty has dramatic scenes to do instead of dance routines, she doesn't kid around much. Between scenes, she'll hole up in her dressing room and study her lines. Then, before she has to rehearse, she'll call me in and ask me to go over them with her. It's part of her shyness, I think, that makes her want to be very sure of herself before she'll go over her lines with anyone else.

No matter how tough the day, Betty always relaxes at lunch. She'll let nothing interfere with that hour of laughs with her old cronies, the dance gang she's known for years. Anyone who dares to talk business at lunch gets banished to another table.

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When not kidding with the crew or her co-stars on the set, she's in her dressing room playing air-checks of Harry's radio show, or his favorite records. She's a loyal gal, this Grable, and she loves the Harry James orchestra. This is the one thing that can't be interrupted. Comes a visitor, he has to wait until the record is over, before she'll say hello.

Betty reads a lot on a set. She gets reading jags, and catches up on all of the recent books that she has missed. She likes adventure novels, and "The Black Rose" and "The Foxes Of Harrow" were favorites of hers. She reads to learn, too, on any subject that interests her, and which she wants to know more about. Any new book on horses, about their training or grooming, will fascinate her.

She's terribly superstitious. She's sure the world would end if she lost a comb she's used for years. Half of its teeth are gone, but Betty hangs on to it as if

it were made of pure gold. On a trip once, she left it in an Eastern hotel room, and burned up the Western Union wires until it was found.

She firmly believes it's bad luck to whistle in a dressing room. Let anyone try it—that's all, brother. What a ritual he must go through. He has to go outside, turn around three times, mutter certain selected words, and then maybe the bad luck is broken. Betty still worries, though.

She's from St. Louis, Missouri, and it shows. You have to prove things to Betty. You can't make an expansive remark without the facts to back you up and a few notarized statements to boot. She's not from Missouri for nothing.

She's come a long way in the years I've known her. A wonderful daughter, a wonderful wife, and a wonderful mother, she's also a wonderful friend. She wears well.

I like her.

Take It From Bill

Continued from page 35

astonished to read of ninety and hundred-and-twenty day shooting schedules for a simple domestic comedy.

"In 1942, it took only two men to carry a board; in 1946, that same board couldn't be lifted by fewer than five men. Feather-bedding by labor? Perhaps. But it wasn't labor's fault entirely.

"In the War years, *any* entertainment sold. If you'd matched two midgets in the American Legion Stadium for the Friday night fights, the place would have been packed.

"People would go anywhere, see anything, to escape from the War. Thousands and thousands had come to the cities from the farms, the villages, the hills to work in defense plants. They had money they'd never dreamed of before in their lives. They couldn't travel on trains because there wasn't any room; they couldn't take trips in their cars because there wasn't any gas. But they *could* walk to the movies—and there was a picture-house in every neighborhood.

"And, since everything made sold for whopping big returns, the producers got careless. They played golf; they went to the races.

"Naturally, their laxity spread to production. Seeing the boss take it easy, some of the actors of those War years took it easy, too. Not all, mind you—but some. A party the night before, too many drinks, a hangover, and late on the set the next morning with not a glimmer of what the lines were or what the action was all about.

"On a picture I did right after I came back, one actor in particular cost the production \$50,000! I hardly need say he's not under contract to the studio anymore.

"You see, the contract player has back of him the services of the publicity department, the still department, wardrobe—any number of expensive sections of

the studio that are aimed at building him up. A portion of the cost of all these services is added to his cost to the studio.

"And, incidentally, the days are gone when studios would sign up ten unknowns on options on the theory that one of the ten would be a hit and pay for carrying the other nine.

"So, when the boom ended, it was the \$50,000-minus guy who was weeded out. The producers simply looked at his record at the box-office. Does this fellow bring in enough to warrant that \$50,000 loss to us? they asked. No? Then out he goes.

"The same thing went on throughout the studio. Dead wood that had piled up during the War, manpower that had been hoarded because the producers didn't know what was going to happen, was lopped off in staggering figures.

"Production had been enormous, so staffs were enormous. Money had been pouring in, so money was spent. But, oh, if the producers had only hoarded the money as they had hoarded manpower, the industry would never have had to go through this recession!

"Today, production and general conditions are just about back to what they were before the War—except that costs are so much greater. You pay four times as much now for the piece of clapboard to nail onto the wall of a set as you did then.

"Reconversion has been slow because of shortages of materials. You remember it took General Motors two years to retool from tanks to pleasure cars. And it's been the same with other industries.

"But the worst of it all has been the suffering it's caused thousands of loyal and competent workers in the film industry. Not the kind I spoke about before—the guy whose partying cost the production \$50,000—but the real actor who knows his business.

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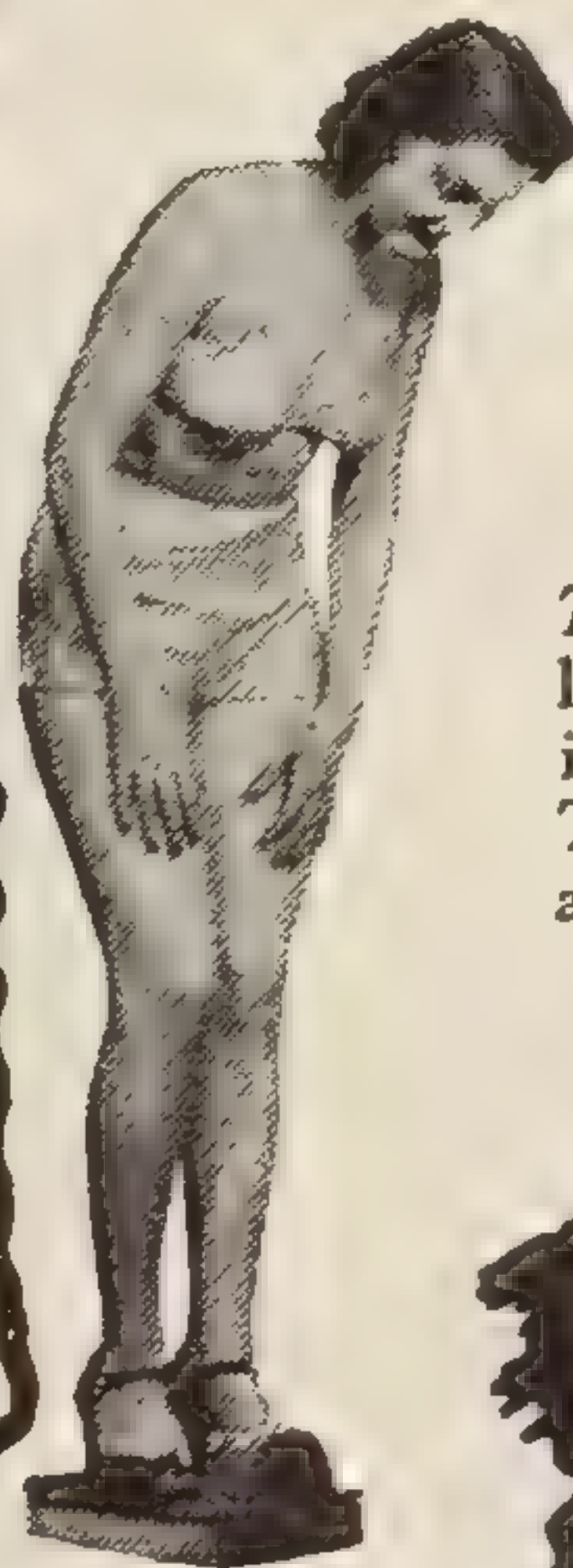
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"I can't begin to express my admiration for the fellow who, on a few hours' notice, can get up in his lines and speak his piece letter perfect. Perhaps a member of the cast has been taken ill suddenly; the other actor is called in and the part thrust into his hand. You see him over in a corner hunched in a chair, muttering to himself. And when the set's ready and he's called for the scene, he's ready, too.

"Let me say there's no feather-bedding among actors. It may take five men to carry the board that two carried before, but it still takes only one actor to say the lines! And I, and all other conscientious actors, am just as anxious as the front office to see the picture come in on schedule and under the budget!"

Bill, himself, is an extremely active member of the Screen Actors' Guild, serving on, to name only one, the committee that negotiated the first equitable contract in ten years with the Motion Picture Producers' Association. In spite of jumping from one picture into another, he gives twenty hours a week to the Guild's affairs.

Soon after he came out of the Army he was elected to the Board. Then, because he understood the problems of actors just out of service, Bill, with Gene Kelly and Ronald Reagan, formed the Veterans' Service Committee. Later came duty on the Motion Picture Council, the Hollywood Co-ordinating Committee and the Fact-finding Committee. Now he's one of the Guild's Vice-Presidents, working closely with capable Ronald Reagan, the President.

"Today there are about 350 actors under contract," Bill continued, "and these 350 front for all the others—not only the bit and day player but players who work by weekly contract, too. When a problem of a freelance actor comes up, it's Walter Pidgeon or Reagan or Holden or Kelly who presents it to the studio.

"The contractplayer is the key that unlocks the door. Though he may have problems of his own, he doesn't often present them.

"To cite a personal example; for the first five years I worked in pictures I was the lowest paid leading man in the business. More than that, at \$150 a week, every principal in the cast of my own picture was making more money than I was!

"Figuring five weeks to the picture, \$750 in the budget took care of my salary. But the company loaned me out for \$10,000 and I didn't get a cent of it. Was that fair?

"Then, too, the freelance player gets paid for time in the makeup room, wardrobe fittings and so forth. The contract player doesn't, simply because he's under contract and theoretically on call at all times.

"During negotiations for the basic contract, one official asked for a morals clause. But we pointed out that we're neither a religious nor a police group. We're a labor union and it's up to the producers to keep their actors in line. If they don't behave, fire 'em.

"The motion picture business isn't the

transient, vagabond hodgepodge it used to be. It's solid and substantial; it's a big industry and a powerful force in our democracy.

"Actors aren't dreamy and impractical any more, either. They're business men now, selling a commodity of value. This is the age of the business manager, of investments, of savings accounts, schedules and budgets. Heavy taxes, a relatively limited span of working life and the deflated dollar make them necessary.

"I can't remember the magnificent Twenties—have only heard about the Duesenbergs, the diamonds, the huge estates, the fabulous spending. But where today do you see an actor riding around in a fancy car or find him living in a vast pile of a house? Our cars are good, of course, but small; our houses are nice and livable and manageable. I think the lack of help during the War taught everyone a lot about the burden of big homes.

"There's a lot of talk about the threat of television being one of the causes of this recession. It's said the producers are waiting to see how it catches on, how big it will grow, how it will be financed. But television will never be a threat to the actor who knows his business.

"The ones who stand to gain by television are first, the entertainers, the variety act that has a song and dance, a line of patter. Second, the trained stage actor who knows how to sustain an hour's show will come into his own. And third, the motion picture actor who not only can memorize lines but knows the technique, will have a definite place in television. The one who will really suffer is the radio actor who works with his eyes on the script.

"However, there is so much to settle about television first. It will be some time before it's a threat to anybody. For instance, under the jurisdiction of which union would it come?

"Actors' Equity, the mother of all theatrical unions because it began with the stage, says it's hers. The Screen Actors' Guild wants film television jurisdiction because some television is shown on film and screen actors appear on it. The American Federation of Radio Artists claims it because it's based on radio.

"And besides these three Big A's, as they're called, there are the many technicians' unions that will want to have their say about it.

"But whether television is or isn't a threat, the motion picture business is our problem right now. I believe we're coming out of this recession a finer and better industry. Both actor and producer have been taught a great lesson.

"For one thing, when the business does get back on its feet and pictures are made again with steady consistency, many an actor is going to think twice before he spends as much as he makes.

"Producers, too, are going to remember with anything but joy the days when the boom broke with such a dull thud. Perhaps they'll see that it never happens again.

"And so, in this 'best of all possible worlds,' all's well that ends well—we hope!"

Should She . . . Or Not?

Continued from page 39

they saw my test, they decided to take a chance with the movie. It was done on a shoestring budget, but when it was previewed, the executives discovered that perhaps they had been wrong! We did added scenes, and it was then that the producer and director learned I could sing. They hadn't even asked me before that.

I sang "Moonlight And Shadows" and it went over with a bang. Through this, I achieved a reputation as a vocalist, too, so I was one step closer to my goal of stardom. "Moonlight And Shadows," by the way, was on the Hit Parade for 15 weeks, and it had taken the authors exactly a half hour to write!

One of the reasons why I liked working in sarong pictures during the War was the fact that through this one item of clothing, I was able to help the War Bond drives. Sounds odd, but it was true. I made public appearances, and on a number of occasions, my sarongs and other costume items were auctioned off for several million dollars in Bonds! It was probably the first time in history that sarongs helped to buy bullets.

Then, too, being a native princess had its costume advantages, because I never had to be called in for endless hours of fittings, sessions with the makeup department, and more hours with the hairdresser. All they did was hand me a couple of yards of flowered cotton, a hairbrush and a powder puff, and I was ready for the camera! And, because I didn't have to report to the studios for all these preliminary preparations, I got in many extra hours of precious sleep. Believe me, I love to sleep!

Sarong roles were a wonderful starting point for me in my career, because through them and the fact that they were synonymous with informality and fun, I was able to meet people on an easy and friendly basis. Naturally, I like people, but when you're new in any business, it does require some effort to win a whole assortment of new friends. Folks would remember me as I appeared to them on the screen, and the rest was easy.

Among the many advantages of appearing in such pictures, I suppose the outstanding one was the opportunity I had in working with actors who knew the business from the ground up and could teach me much. I started out cold as an actress, with no experience except working with a band, and had plenty to learn. And, since I was a willing pupil, I was always ready to be taught the acting art.

Ray Milland, who worked with me in "Jungle Princess" and "Jungle Love," was one of my good teachers. He showed me how to take advantage of camera angles, sometimes sacrificing himself so that I would have the better spot. He showed me how to act so that I would forget that the camera was constantly before me, and perhaps best of all, he gave me invaluable lessons on how to treat other newcomers by his own many

kindnesses to me.

The last of the pros for sarong pictures is also important, but can be said simply. Working in so many of them was a sort of prep school for the "Road" pictures with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, and any skill I picked up in the earlier films came to good stead when I worked with those really swell guys.

Now, let me point out what I haven't particularly cared for in the sarong picture section.

It's no news to you that any woman always wants to look essentially feminine. I had always dreamed of wearing the beautiful clothes, the hairdos, and the jewelry which seemed to me the epitome of screen stardom. These, I told myself, were to be my pleasure, too. So what happened—I wore a sarong, a hibiscus, and they didn't even give me a pair of shoes!

And that wasn't the end of it. I was always stepping on a thorn, or being bitten by bees or mosquitoes. I love the out-of-doors but I couldn't get out into the open for any length of time because a sun-blistered skin didn't go with my role as a jungle princess.

During the making of several jungle scenes, I had seen the wild animals hurt people seriously, and then I'd have to go before the screen with these same animals and smile as though nothing had happened. Once a tiger threw his paws over my shoulders, and I was nursing claw-gashes on my back for a good month. Do you wonder why I'd often be a jittery bundle of nerves?

One of my strongest objections to the roles I played in these films was the fact that they never were an acting challenge to me. All of them were the same, with the exception of my characterization in "Hurricane." In some the hero was shipwrecked on my island, or crashed in his plane, or he was a big game hunter looking for a way out, but the general plot was the same. My hero would arrive, we'd have an idyllic courtship under the bright moon and swaying palms, and then all would end happily.

I felt that I wasn't doing much to increase my acting skill, and equally important, I was certain that theatregoers would begin to tire of me. It seemed to me that I was always petting the same tiger, swimming in the same emerald lagoon, and sitting under the same palm tree on the same white sand beach.

In a way, I suppose you would call this type-casting, the thing which every actor or actress fears. I made seven jungle or South Seas pictures, scarcely without stopping to catch my breath, and in each I did almost identical roles. And, to make it worse, the animals got to know me so well that they practically called me by my first name every time they saw me!

In "On Our Merry Way," I did a satire on all this in a song entitled "Queen Of The Hollywood Islands." In the song,



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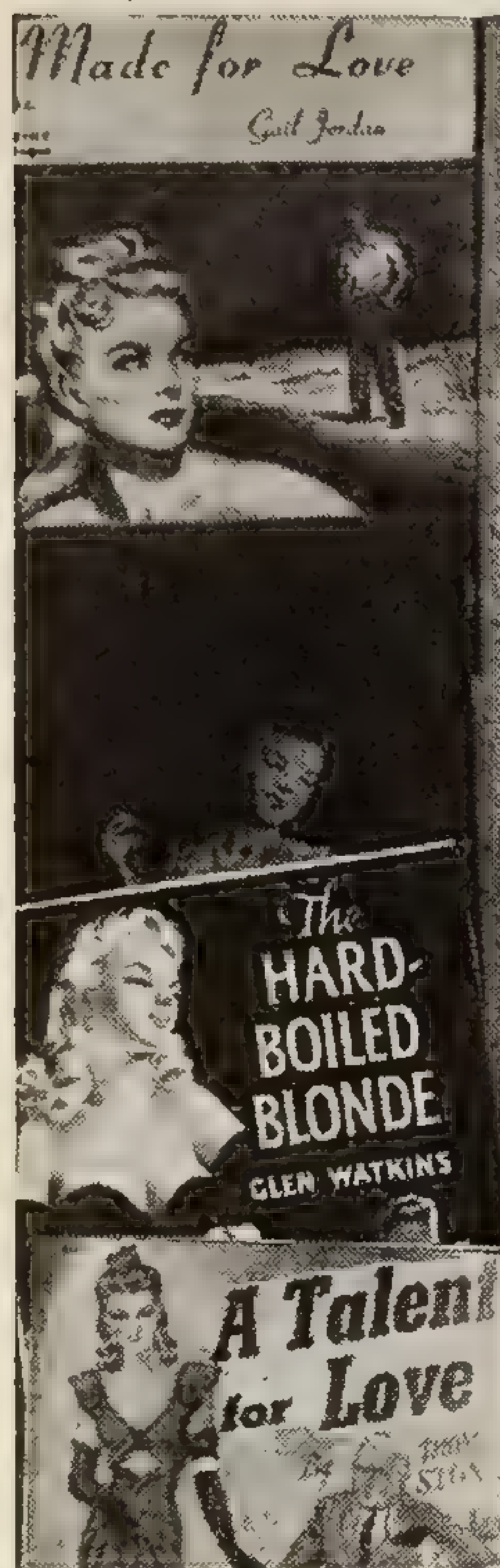
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I tell what happens behind the scenes in the making of sarong pictures, and if you've heard it, I think you'll agree that the words paint a rather expressive picture.

When you watched some of the swimming and storm scenes in those seven sarong movies I've just spoken about, I imagine you have no idea how those same sequences look at the studio. When I seemed to be walking into a tropical storm, I was struggling against the wind from a huge airplane propeller. The bits of leaves and twigs would cut into my skin, and every so often we'd have to stop so that someone could put some ointment on the bruises I'd get.

When I swam in that beautiful-looking blue lagoon, you'd think the water would be pleasantly warm. But not in Hollywood! Sometimes it would be so cold my teeth would begin chattering, and I'd have to hide my face momentarily from the camera. Once I reported for a swimming sequence with a bad cold and a temperature of 102 degrees because I didn't want to hold up production. And, because of it, I had that same cold for over two months.

Unimportant, but worth mentioning, were the corny gags that often arose because of my association with the screen sarong. Can you blame me if I got tired of the remark, "What's sarong about that?" after I'd heard it at least a thousand times? Then there would be the times when I'd get all dressed up to attend a premiere, or a very nice party, and invariably someone would come up with, "Oh, so you're Dorothy Lamour? You know, I didn't recognize you with your clothes on!"

Even today, as I'm writing this—and I haven't done a jungle picture in five years—Eddie Cantor is my guest on my "Variety Theatre" radio show, and he pulls a gag in which he says he hopes my sarong shrinks. The sarong publicity still landslides on me, no matter where I go or what I do.

In my list of the reasons for playing sarong roles, I mentioned that they were "escapist" because they were set on a dreamy South Seas Island where everyday living seemed to be perfect bliss.

Well, all that went on before the War, and since that time millions of our boys have seen those same islands. They found they weren't as idyllic as we made them out to be, that there were plenty of wild animals that didn't come up to be petted, and that any jungle screen perils we faced were nothing compared to the Jap snipers who were waiting with death in their hands.

I can't conceive of those same boys enjoying anything that has to do with those islands. They certainly have no pleasant memories of lovely dusky maidens and bewitching music. The only islanders they saw were frightened natives, and the music they heard came from Japanese machine guns.

This, I think, is one of the outstanding reasons against my doing such a picture again. I don't believe our Pacific veterans and the mothers, fathers, and friends of our heroes who were lost on those once lovely, palm-fringed atolls would care to be reminded of those spots. How could they?

So, there you are—you've read my arguments for both sides of the question. Many of you were my fans during the period when I made sarong pictures, and you've followed my career as you've grown up with me. You've been loyal during this time, and your notes of encouragement have often proved this to me. Often, in the past, you've helped me decide about the future.

I've given you all my arguments in the best manner I know, and now I leave the decision to you. You are the reason why I came to Hollywood, and why I have stayed. You have been my bosses, and I have tried—and will continue to try—to please you. If your letters tell me that you really want me to do another sarong picture, I'll be most agreeable to your wishes. If, on the other hand, you think I ought to give the old sarong the heave-ho, so it will be. Let me know in time, though, because I've just discovered that I don't own a single sarong!

Please let me hear from you soon, and I'll be waiting for your letters. Write me at Suite 320, 9538 Brighton Way, Beverly Hills, California.

If An Actress Wants To Live

Continued from page 45

dresser and of Olivia's hair reminds me of the blonde and beautiful hair of Celeste Holm—and what became of it. With two Broadway hits, 'Oklahoma' and 'Bloomer Girl' to her credit, and working, as we began work on 'The Snake Pit,' in 'Gentleman's Agreement,' Celeste amazed us all by campaigning, indeed by *begging*, for the very dramatic but, certainly, comparatively small role of *Grace* in 'The Snake Pit.' She literally lay in wait for me in front of the studio cafe, on odd corners of the lot. I'd say, 'But the part is a small one, little more than a bit.' 'An important bit,' she'd counter, 'in a most important picture.' 'But your shooting schedule—how can you arrange your shooting schedule if you make two pic-

tures at once?' 'It can be arranged,' she'd insist. Finally, 'If you play this role, you must have your hair cut off,' I said, 'all of it.' Celeste *had* her hair cut off. All of it. Which so surprised me that I tested her, and she played the part of the girl who starts the story ready to leave the mental hospital and winds up in a straitjacket.

"Trouping enough to realize that the quality and not the role that is fat and fills the screen is what counts, Celeste is certain to be among those who live to a ripe old age on stage and screen.

"Every player in the large cast, in fact, name players, almost every one of them seemed to share Celeste Holm's feeling about appearing, let the credits

fall where they may, in 'The Snake Pit.'

"Mark Stevens, who as the heartsick but understanding husband co-starred with Olivia and Leo Genn in 'The Snake Pit,' told anyone who would listen to him that to appear in a picture of such importance, he would have taken a bit part, 'Been glad to.' Leo Genn's luggage was already aboard a boat bound for Mr. Genn's native England when producer of 'The Snake Pit,' Darryl Zanuck, recalled him for the part of *Dr. Kik*. Whereupon Genn, a very excellent actor, a wonderful actor and known in London, by the way, as 'the man with the black velvet voice,' immediately retrieved his luggage and unpacked.

"In the same way that Olivia is wonderful, in the same way that all actors who have a larger vision than those of their own names in electric lights are wonderful, Barbara Stanwyck is wonderful. She, too, is completely devoted. To her, too, the story is more important than the star.

"During the tremendously taxing days when we were shooting—and re-shooting—the final scenes of 'Sorry, Wrong Number,' Stanwyck was magnificent. Half-mad with terror as in the final sequences she is shown to be, she, too, dispensing with makeup, forgetful of glamour, looked dishevelled, distraught, sick. Working at high pitch, as she was, she probably felt sicker than she looked; doubtless felt a great deal more like going to bed in her own home than to her bed on the set, in which presently she would (or wouldn't she?) be murdered!

"Yet harrowing as those last scenes were to make, when some little detail didn't satisfy me and I said, 'I don't want this to be good, I want it to be better than good, I want it to be perfect,' Stanwyck did the scene over and over, again and again, four, five, six times, and—this is the important thing—never a squawk, never a gripe out of her!

"In 'Sorry, Wrong Number,' I worked for the first time with Burt Lancaster. A prominent star by the time I directed him, I found him the sweetest, nicest, hardest-working guy I know. Nothing phony about him, he's on the level and you know it. He really understands his own limitations and he tries so hard, he works so hard, with such unflagging patience, such dogged determination . . .

"... in actors who live long there is commonly, I find, great patience, genuine humility and, this above all, an ability to take it . . .

"The willingness of an actress to forego her beauty for the sake of a characterization is, as I have said, important. But important, actually, only as the signature to her understanding of the character she plays. Actresses who would live long must, and actresses who live long do, understand the woman whose body and brain they are temporarily inhabiting as well as, if not better than, they know themselves . . .

"... this often takes a bit of doing . . .

"In one of the first films I made, which was 'Mayerling' starring Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, who played opposite Charles, was then very young, only nineteen and with no experience other than musical comedy behind her. Cast in a

dramatic, a tragic role, Danielle neither understood the part nor what she, herself, was doing in such a part. Particularly in the last scene in the picture in which, dancing with Boyer, she must realize that he, unable to marry her, is going to kill himself and that since she cannot live without him, she wants him to kill her, too, it was tough, it was very tough. Out of her fear, as well as her emotion, I wanted Danielle, at the end of this very poignant scene, to faint in Boyer's arms. But too young, too gay at heart and too inexperienced to pretend otherwise, Danielle was not, in this tragic situation, realistic. Her pain and terror were palpably make-believe. When she fainted in Boyer's arms, the faint were faked faints. But feeling something hidden in her, believing that with the right approach different qualities could be drawn out of this young actress, I asked myself, 'What approach? How? By what means?' I answered myself, 'She must be tired, she must be very tired.' By means of working by night as well as by day, working very late, very many nights, I tired Danielle. Knowing she liked champagne, I served champagne on the set and the champagne gave to her tiredness a feverish quality. This was good. Finally, wanting to exhaust her completely, I did the scene, so many times that she became exhausted, so exhausted that at the end, she really fainted in Boyer's arms—and Danielle Darrieux became a great star, overnight.

"With young Betsy Blair who plays *Hester* in 'The Snake Pit,' my approach, equally sadistic, was different.

"When Betsy first came to see me for an interview, I knew nothing about her other than that she had been briefly in the theatre in New York, had made one picture for George Cukor (who liked her work immensely) and was the wife of Gene Kelly. But at once, on sight, I liked her face. I tested her for the part. In the test, she was quite shy. A quiet, intellectual girl, she wasn't forgetting herself in the test as much as I wanted her to. She was too controlled. She was asking herself, 'Am I doing too much? Too little?' In order for her to let out the maniacal hate towards all mankind that as *Hester*, she must feel and show in her eyes, I must, I knew, break up this emotional resistance. Again, how? I thought, 'If I can make Betsy feel towards me as Hester feels towards all men and women.' I thought, 'If, when she looks at me, resentment towards me lights, in her eyes, that cold, that pale and baleful glare there must be in the eyes of poor, mad Hester . . .'

"I began to play a part. A part really well-played, though I say it. By the time the test was run, I'd decided to take her. But I didn't tell her so. I left her with the inference that, if this was the best she could do, there was another girl. The first day she was in the picture, I never spoke to her. When, later on, I did speak to her, I was not too polite to her, not too rude, cold, rather, indifferent. I never said she was good, I mostly said she was bad, giving what I said an, 'Oh well, you can't do it anyway so what's the use?' shrug and scorn. Not quite so simple as it sounds, she felt in me (even

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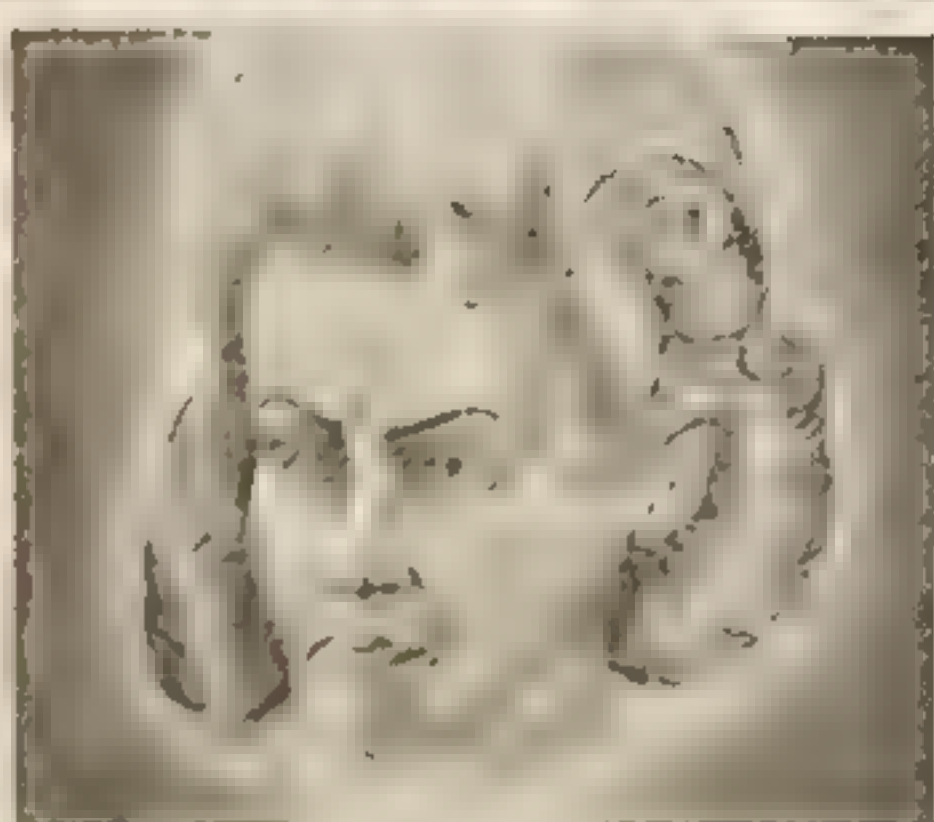
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though there were times when I wanted to kiss her, to say, 'Oh, come now, you know I am acting a part!') a kind of hate towards her and gradually I felt growing in her, a hate towards me and I knew she'd do it. She'd do what I wanted her to do. She looked the way I wanted her to look. She was what I wanted her to be. *She was Hester.*

"I hope you don't hate me," I said to her when the picture was finished, 'as much as I think you do?'

"Well, it was a heck of an experience," she said, speaking—characteristically—the simple truth, 'but I was on to what you were doing, and why you were doing it, before you had any idea I was and so, no, I don't hate you. Of course I don't.'

"I hope not for Betsy is, in my opinion, one of the finest, if not the finest young actress in Hollywood.

"With more experienced actors, release of the emotions comes, of course, more naturally. With an actress like Bette Davis, for example, you would not use such methods as I used with Darrioux and Blair. Before you say what you want Bette to do, she does it . . .

"With Olivia, it was not necessary to tell her that the important thing was for her to understand *Virginia Cunningham*. Olivia studied *Virginia* with such a passion as to make any questions about why, in this scene, *Virginia* does this, or says that, completely unnecessary. Olivia read and re-read the book and the script of 'The Snake Pit.' On a visit to New York before we started shooting, Olivia consulted with one of the leading psychiatrists in New York. In Hollywood, she did the same thing. Before we shot the first scene of the picture, we had made tests of every phase of *Virginia's* illness and every phase was questioned by Olivia, and answered and analyzed by the psychiatrists who worked with us. From the day we began work on the

picture to the day our work was done, we had two doctors constantly on the set with us.

"I am not one to believe that an actress playing a psychotic, or a murderess (or any role, for that matter) need go about in her private life, feeling mentally ill or potentially homicidal. But there is a certain amount of 'homework' an actress must do while making a picture—and this reminds me of an anecdote that may amuse you about Olivia. . .

"The most demanding scenes in the film for Livvy were the week-long narco-synthesis sequences, and it was while she was rehearsing for these sequences at home that apartment house neighbors, hearing the maniacal screams which, in varying degrees, Livvy was practising, assumed that Olivia and her author-husband, Marcus Goodrich, were quarreling. This led, in turn, to published rumors that the Goodriches were 'separating.' To one columnist who wrote, 'Are the Goodriches feuding—or just noisy?' Olivia wired good-naturedly, 'Just noisy.'

"Far from separating, it was during the filming of 'The Snake Pit' that Olivia and Marcus celebrated their first anniversary by purchasing their first home. Now the tag to this story is one you will not believe. Nevertheless, here it is: In the garden of their new home, a few yards from the house, Mr. Goodrich found, when he killed a six-foot rattler and its twenty young, a *real* snake-pit. No one, including myself, did believe the story until Mr. Goodrich exhibited to me the reptiles' rattles!

"For the star of 'The Snake Pit' to find a snake-pit in her own backyard—how realistic, I wonder, can you get?

"And now let me tag my story with the hope that to an actress who wants to live long in pictures, I have been some little help. . ."

Charmingly Yours

Continued from page 49

fully can easily disguise her years. She must be very careful, though, for if she buys bad design, she will only look ridiculous in her attempt to look younger.

* * *

Don't Be Concerned about the so-called style centers. People are always arguing whether or not the best designers are in Paris, in New York or in Hollywood. The skilled American people who make medium priced clothes are comparable to anyone they have in Europe, because those designers have what I call restraint.

* * *

As For Paris, there's no use saying we don't look at their clothes. You have to look at anything, anywhere, when it's good. We needn't kid ourselves . . . we don't copy Paris, but we can't deny the influence of France. Right now we show the effect of Vionnet's inspiration in wonderful geometric things that call for great workmanship. We do this in pockets, set in pieces and fine details. It is amazing, however, how the American designers can incorporate this fine work in the good

ready-to-wear clothes that you can buy in any store.

* * *

Hollywood Designers are a better influence now than they were many years ago. In 1932 screen stars were covered with beads and bangles. Everyone was trying to out-sensation everyone else. The glitter made me shudder. I fought for restraint and it was gratifying to know that the clothes I made for Kay Francis, for four years won her fame in Paris and New York as the one woman in Hollywood who was well-dressed.

* * *

In The Course Of Time Hollywood settled down to better fashions. I remember when there were just four designers for the screen. They were Omar Kiam, Travis Banton, Adrian and I. Then as production increased, more appeared. Irene entered the field and made a prominent place for herself. When independent production came in, it brought over a hundred screen designers into Hollywood, every one of whom is striving to make a



Ray Milland and his wife dining at the Stork Club during recent visit to New York. Ray's current film for Paramount is the exciting "Alias Nick Beal."

name and a place for himself.

* * *

Hollywood Screen Clothes, generally speaking, should be a good fashion influence. The best designers detest sensationalism in clothes. The others are curtailed by the precarious condition of motion picture production just now. If a designer doesn't consider himself just a part of a whole big plan . . . to make entertainment instead of a fashion show . . . he will soon be told to do so. And if some screen designers feel they are being tied down, it may have an over-all good effect of good taste in Hollywood fashions.

* * *

Fashions Are Slow to change. There have been only four drastic innovations since 1926. In that year, Chanel lowered the waistline. Some years later, Schiaparelli introduced the squared shoulder. Then, just before the war, Balenciaga effected some great improvements and had a good influence on American clothes.

* * *

Most Phenomenal was the latest style change, and that again came from Paris, when Dior gave us what we called the New Look. There has never been such a sweeping upset of fashion in the history of clothes. Ordinarily all new things come gradually. No smart store buyer dares plunge for merchandise that is wildly different. She would fear for her job if she doubted that American women would accept it. Stores have too many billions of dollars tied up in clothes. That's why this last change was most exceptional. There won't be anything like that again for a long, long time.

* * *

A New Clothes Consciousness has come to this country. It may be due to that last sweeping change in style. It may be due to the higher gear of merchandising. Big clothing manufacturers pay top salaries for good designers. Naturally, they advertise and publicize the name of their style creator. As a result, more and more women ask for clothes made by a certain house. That's rather dangerous. People should really buy only what is right for them, regardless of the name of the maker. It's good to study all the good name clothes . . . and then be very

selective. You're less apt to make errors.

* * *

The Younger Generation is bound to carry on with even more interest in fashions. There are so many wealthy families who no longer have quite so much money to toss around. They live more normal lives. They rear their children so much more practically, and so much better than they did fifteen years ago. Many of these families make their children learn to sew, even though they have enough money to buy almost anything they want in a store.

* * *

Barbara Stanwyck's Clothes in "The Lady Gambles," indicate an average clothes budget. In the picture, she is a young married girl who has a moderate amount of money and earns a little more later. She is an average American girl. All of her clothes could be made and worn by any girl who doesn't waste money on clothes.

* * *

They Could Easily Be Worn by anyone because they are not extreme . . . just easy and comfortable. The shoulders are not padded. There is only a cupped outline of the shoulder beneath the fabric of the dress or jacket. The sleeves are either very short or just cover the elbow. And as for length . . . we didn't even measure any certain length from the floor. We just looked at the dress and agreed on the most attractive length. If a dress is a little fuller, it can be longer. Length should never be an arbitrary number of inches from the floor. Wear your clothes the length that looks best on you.

* * *

The American Appearance is more of an intelligent outlook in design. It's a leveling off of the last drastic change. Dior himself, the originator of that new silhouette, is now making modified versions of it. Dress for yourself. The custom designer made a gown for only one person . . . the wearer. But now you don't have to mortgage the homestead to have clothes that are exactly right for you. Stores carry good merchandise in different price levels. If you are selective, your clothes will have individuality and quiet good taste. That's American.

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All Dressed In White

Continued from page 18

many kisses, as you know, and lovely color that stays where it should is thoughtfulness towards others, as well as herself. If mascara is normally a part of makeup, the wise bride will choose a waterproof one for her wedding. Tears, though happy, usually flow. Whatever your natural coloring, a wedding seems to require alabaster or porcelain beauty, rather than a more flamboyant type. Usually, there is a radiance about brides that needs but the slightest careful touch of color. If the day is warm and your face becomes damp, gently blot with a fresh tissue and do not add more powder unless necessary. This will keep your skin looking fresh and dewy. The general ideas outlined, except choice in color, apply to everybody.

Your manicure and pedicure. The day before is the best time for these, or if you do them, yourself, the night before. This means that in spite of the temptation to use your hands and do so many things, thus possibly marring the polish before it is dry, you take a time when your hands must rest. The same is true of your toes. A delicate shade harmonious with your lips seems appropriate for the hand to receive a wedding band.

Your perfume. The floral family, muguet (*lily-of-the-valley*), rose, lilac, etc., are ideal for the journey to the altar as well as other delicate fragrances. A number of fine manufacturers have perfumes blended especially with the bride in mind, as well as the related eau de Cologne, soap, powder and sachet. An ideal routine for the use of fragrance on this, and, in-

deed, on all occasions, is the lavish use all over your body of your eau de Cologne or toilet water, following your bath, because this gives the foundation for perfume, which should later be applied to neck, chest, arms and other parts of the body.

Intimate grooming. If your legs show the slightest need of a depilatory, be sure that on this day of days they are as smooth and soft as a baby's. There are a number of highly dependable preparations for this. Your deodorant, too, is more than important, since tension, nervousness and excitement contribute acutely to perspiration. If you have found the preparation adequate for your needs, then you are safe. If you have not, then you would be wise, both for the sake of your lovely clothes and your peace of mind, to do a little scouting and experimenting well in advance to discover the preparation ideal for you. Since the human body varies as it does, in spite of the many fine products at hand, sometimes we must do a little personal investigation to find what is exactly right for us.

All details of grooming behind you, the beauty of the slow wedding march, the exchange of the same marriage vows that have lived throughout centuries in your memory, and a bright new door to life opens to you. A bright new door, too, for the girl in her white graduation dress or her cap and gown, or you, Mary Jane, when you least expect it. For June is the month of happy change, of the closing and opening of many doors.

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

Continued from page 27

their first of a series of dates. Alice Faye and Phil Harris, who don't go out much, were there; Bogart and Bacall were out for the first time since the arrival of their son; Alan and Sue Ladd—Sue looking thin and chic, John Lindsay and Diana Lynn, one of Hollywood's cutest pair of newlyweds. Mr. Byfield is the very hospitable host of Chicago's Ambassador East and he has hundreds of friends in Hollywood.

While Scott Brady is forging right ahead with his film career, his brother, Larry Tierney, is in reverse on his. Unable to get a job in Hollywood, Larry's gone to Portugal to make a picture.

Few people know what a really good singing voice Ann Blyth has. Her training has been for musical comedy, but Ann suddenly got a yen to do popular stuff. So, all on her own, she called up Bing Crosby and asked him would he introduce her to his brother Bob. The upshot was that Ann made a surprise appearance with Bob's band—and a very successful one, too. This Ann is a little gal to watch.

While the separation of Kirk and Diana

Douglas was hitting the headlines, he was spending a lot of his time at home, supervising the new nursery. We saw Diana out at 20th, working in "House Of Strangers." She shore is a pretty gal.

Paul Douglas, who's hotter'n boiling lead, plays the part of a big lug with a magnificent operatic voice in "Everybody Does It." As a gag, he was given a throat spray by a joker with a strange sense of humor—the thing was filled with fly spray! Paul's opinion of the gag sizzled so much it couldn't be recorded.

On that same subject—one of the most discussed in Hollywood—Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman reduced at Terry Hunt's. Jeanne had quite a healthy appetite before their second son put in his appearance and Paul, always the gentleman, took on as many groceries as she did. Without help for two months after she finished "The Fan," Jeanne says you can quote her that being a housewife is the hardest job in the world.

We ran into Eve Arden out at U-I all dressed up in a snazzy grey outfit of the

90's for her part in "Curtain Call At Cactus Creek." Eve had several books of pictures of her two kids which she showed us without much arm twisting.

Also saw Helena Carter with a very short haircut. Seems she'd been experimenting with her hairdo, cut one side long and the other short. It had to be evened up and re-styled at the studio. We thought it was just youngsters who did their own barbering.

Jean Peters took several trips to the osteopath's, explained that her back was out of place on account of she'd felt the need for exercise, had bought an axe and started chopping wood! It's purely coincidental that the picture she's working in is called "It Happens Every Spring."

When Kathryn Grayson's little daughter, Patti Kate, was in Childrens' Hospital with a dislocated hip, her mother and father visited her every evening and put on a concert. One night the little babe wouldn't listen to anything but "Happy Birthday." Kathryn and Johnny sang it to her for two hours before Patti Kate had enough and finally fell asleep.

Slight case of off-casting is Betty Lynn's part in "Father Was A Fullback." Her screen parents, Maureen O'Hara and Fred MacMurray, have to hire a beau for her. In private life, Betty has more boy friends than you could shake a stick at.

Jeanette MacDonald is a pretty sharp gal. When her husband, Gene Raymond, gave her a set of golf clubs, a pair of golf shoes, and a course of instruction on the game she decided maybe he was hinting that she should take up golf. First time out after the lessons, she shot a lower score than Gene.

Jack Carson's another one who doesn't have to have a brick wall fall on him. Or a horse, for that matter. He was galloping around his San Fernando ranch when his nag started kicking and bucking. Jack calmly slid off and walked home. "I know when I'm not wanted," he said.

While Bob Mitchum was away on his enforced "vacation," RKO took the rest of "The Big Steal" company to Mexico for some shots. Jane Greer got acquainted with a family in Tehuacan who asked her to be the godmother of their newly-born daughter. The baby's name is Juana.

Gloria Swanson was given the royal welcome when she reported to Paramount for the Charles Brackett-Billy Wilder picture, "Sunset Boulevard." La Swanson, still one of the most glamorous women anywhere, was the reigning queen at Paramount in the silent picture era. Before she signed to do this picture she asked for—and got—extensive tests to be sure she still photographed okay.

Dick Widmark was swamped by the bobby-soxers when he appeared at the Roxy in New York on a personal appearance with "Down To The Sea In Ships." This is Dick's first sympathetic part and mighty good he is, too.

Elizabeth Taylor got the thrill of her life when she visited the house in Kent, England, where she and her family spent holidays before they came to this country. She knocked at the door, asked the lady who answered if she could look through the house. The present tenant is Alexandria, ex-queen of Yugoslavia. The queen was not in the parlor, but in the kitchen cooking dinner when Liz arrived. Hear Liz and her fella, Glenn Davis, have promised her family not to get married for a year. But you never can tell about young love.

Stork stuff: Olivia de Havilland could not be happier about impending motherhood; Dorothy McGuire and John Swope named their daughter, Mary; Esther Williams found an old, old cradle which she'll use as a magazine rack until her infant arrives. Reggie Gardner was the only man among sixty women at the baby shower Virginia Zanuck gave his wife, Nadia. He said he was never so frightened in his life.

Louis Jourdan was so amused watching a dance rehearsal for a scene in "Madame Bovary." For rehearsal, the dancers wore hoop skirts but instead of pantaloons underneath, they sported a varied assortment of slacks, levis, and shorts. Louis opined that Madame Bovary was probably whirling in her grave over this unconventional modern behavior. He and his wife, Quique, took off for Paris at the end of the picture.

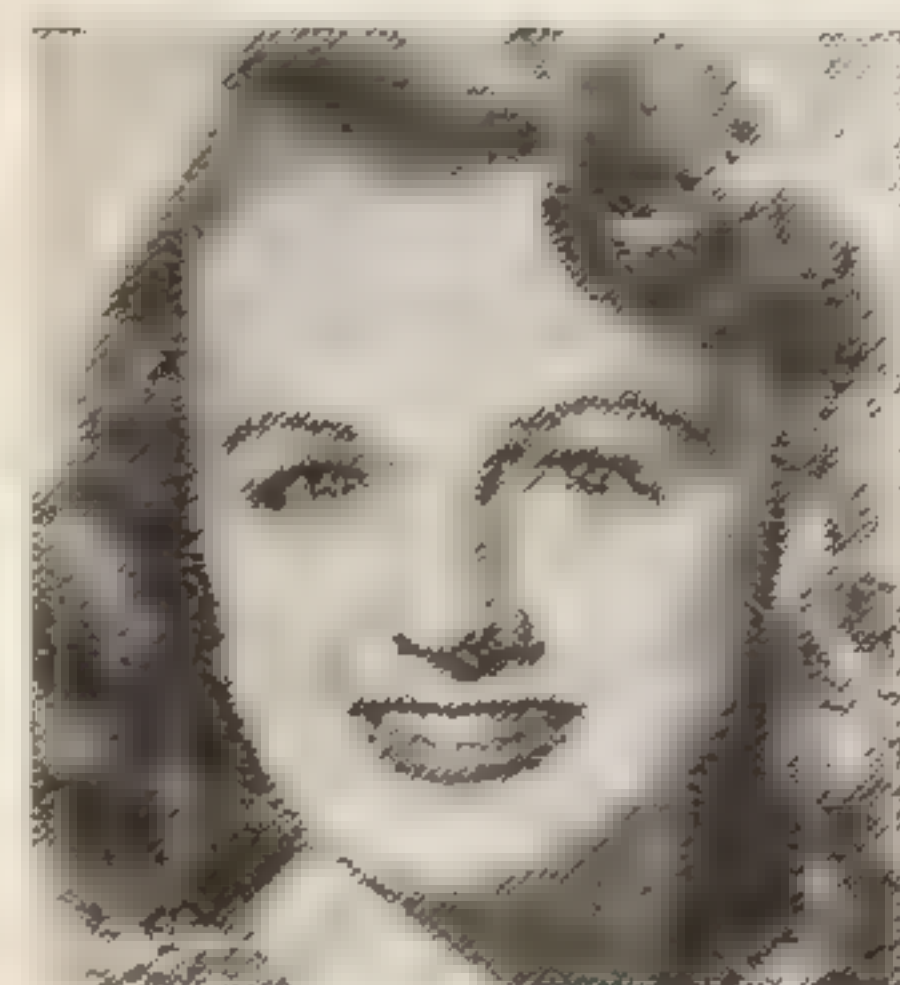
One of the most attractive male newcomers to the screen is William Bishop, who got his first important part in "The Walking Hills." Columbia Studio's bossman, Harry Cohn, was so impressed with him that he handed Bill the fat part of Paulette Goddard's husband in "Anna Lucasta." He's 6-1½, tips the scales at 190, not married, a good horseman, and is the nephew of Helen Hayes. We think it won't be long before he's right up there in popularity with Cliff, Widmark, Lund, Granger and all the other glammer boys.

When Doris Day got back to Hollywood from that fabulous tour with the Bob Hope show, she slept for five days solid! The gal is really going to town, what with the Hope show, recordings for Capitol, and her picture career.

Ann Sothorn spent ten perfect weeks skiing and loafing at Sun Valley, during which time her daughter, Tisha, had nary a sniffle. On the train coming home the little girl developed an earache and Ann had to wire ahead for a doctor. Ray Milland and his family also had a long vacation at the ski resort, took pictures of their son Danny's first ski lesson.

The Ty Powers bombarded their friends with postcards from Kitzbuhel, in the Austrian Tyrol, and Zermatt in the Swiss Alps where they spent their honeymoon. It'll be quite a spell before Ty returns to the U. S. He'll make "Black Rose" in England and North Africa before he comes home. The crew on "Prince Of Foxes," the pic Ty made in Italy, lost a total of 440 pounds—an average of 31 pounds

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apiece—while Ty gained eight.

June Haver's building an apartment in Westwood for young couples with babies and pets. Each apartment will have a nursery and an outside kennel. She, like several other stars, got indignant over the fact that people with families have a tough time finding a place to live. Her sister, Dorothy, was one of these. So June just up and did something about it. June will occupy the penthouse apartment in the building—probably with a new husband, Dr. John Duzik.

The picture, "My Friend Irma," should be as entertaining as the very funny radio show of the same name. Irma will, of course, be played by Marie Wilson. Diana Lynn gets the part of Jane. And two of my favorite men, John Lund and Don DeFore, are the romantic males. All this and comics Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, too! A swell cast, if you ask us.

Now that Bette Davis and Warner Brothers have made peace—she does a picture a year for four years for them—she's combing scripts out of her hair. And will keep on doing just that until something very interesting comes along. Bette and Sherry are all settled down in Laguna at their cliffside house. Miss D., nicely sunburned and looking nothing like a movie star, spends her days on the beach with daughter Barbara. Sight-seeing tourists stand a few feet away from her, looking up at the house and wondering whether she ever comes down to the beach, while Bette goes serenely on with her sun bathing. Sherry has really started taking his painting seriously and has rented a small Laguna house which he's turned into a

studio. Bette went with him to Sarasota, Florida, for his one-man art show.

This is slightly confusing, but Greer Garson's mother, Nina, plays her daughter's aunt in "Forsyte Saga."

The Zack Scotts had a ball on their six-weeks New York vacation. Their pal, Cesar Romero, went along on the trip. Zack returned to go into "The Octopus" with Jane Wyman. Janey gets a very swanky wardrobe for this one, in contrast to the drab clothes she wore in "Johnny Belinda." And as soon as she finishes "Octopus" she's off to London for a spell. Hopes to meet Laurence Olivier, whom she admires greatly. Just as she leaves, Ronnie Reagan returns and will keep an eye on the children while Jane's gone.

Claudette Colbert read the script of her current picture, "Love Is Big Business," and let out a loud yell of protest. In one scene she and Bob Young do a little judo and are buried under two hundred pounds

of fish! She's been, in various pictures, conked on the head with an army helmet, up to her waist in mud, stalked by a leopard, and has wrestled with pigs. But the fish business is the utter end—even for such a swell trouper.

You've all probably heard about Celeste Holm's new recipe book, called "Holm Cooking." But I'll betcha don't know about the subdivision we spotted on the way to the Santa Anita races which is tagged, "Celeste Homes." Yipe!

The craze for square dancing still keeps rollin' along. Newest outfit is called the Buttons and Bows Club. A few of the members are the Chet Laucks and the "Tuffy" Goffs (they're Lum 'n Abner of course), Brown Derby owner Bob Cobb and his wife, Sally, the Ronald Colmans—wouldn't you like to see the dignified Mr. C. swinging partners? Anyhoo, the club celebrated Bob's and Chet's birthdays at one of their dances. Gave Bob a credit card to the Brown Derby, which he needed like he does another restaurant, and Chet a ticket to his own radio show.

Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 15

Crawford Cause is deputy sheriff, Zachary, who gets her a job and promptly falls in love with her. However, Scott's boss, Sheriff Sydney Greenstreet, a ruthless, fanatical politician, has other plans for the young deputy: marriage to a wealthy debutante, an appointment to the State Senate, and finally, Governor of the State. Unfortunately, Scott's ambition supersedes his love for Joan and she winds up being framed and run out of town by Greenstreet.

With all the slapping around she's gotten, and still in love with Scott, Joan comes back for more and sets the plot squarely on its vicious way by marrying the head man of the State political machine, David Brian. From then on, Greenstreet is not only out to get her, but her husband as well. This is a definitely adult matter with suspense and tense emotions as a steady barrage.

We Were Strangers

Columbia

IN AN effort to save Cuba and her people from the tyranny of corrupt rulers, Jennifer Jones joins up with a band of underground members headed by John Garfield after her young brother is cold-bloodedly slain for distributing pamphlets. Hounded by the secret service man, Pedro Armendariz, who had killed the boy, Jennifer treads on dangerously thin ice by allowing her home, situated next to a cemetery, to be used as the base of operations in a scheme Garfield has to destroy all the government bigwigs at the same time. The plot for liquidation centers around the tunnel they will dig from Jennifer's home to the family mausoleum of a rich politico. The crypt will be filled with dynamite and

the official assassinated. His funeral will bring all the government heads to the cemetery, and once assembled, the bomb will be detonated blowing everyone in the area to bits.

With an objective as grim and macabre as that, the picture progresses with the tunnel until the scenes become a nightmare of cold horror. Finally, goal reached, and assassination committed, they learn their plot has failed. All escape cut off, Jennifer and Garfield remain behind to hold off the police. Because this is definitely tough on any feeling of well-being, you better make sure you can take gruesome details when you plunk down your admission fee.

Arctic Manhunt

Universal-International

TELLS how crime sure doesn't pay, even as far north as the Arctic Circle. Mikel Conrad, an armed car robber packing a quarter of a million dollars in cash, sets out for Alaska to find his partner in crime who has kept out of the reach of the authorities. Mickel's aimless wandering brings him to the camp of a missionary also heading for the same village. The missionary dies, and Mikel assumes his identity. He finally reaches the village, finds his partner dead and because the satchel containing the 250 grand has been lost somewhere on the trail, decides to stay until the Spring thaw hoping to retrieve the loot. While hanging around, he falls in love with an Eskimo girl, Carol Thurston, and figures on becoming a permanent resident of the village. But the money is found, and Mikel switches back to his former self, but hasn't got it for long—a watery grave claims him.



Richard Widmark gives Mayor O'Dwyer check for Police Athletic League.

Take Me Out To The Ball Game (Technicolor)

MGM

SINATRA to Williams to Kelly, or Esther never gave a Tinker's darn about Ever giving Frankie a Chance. Translated: Sinatra and Gene Kelly are star baseball players for a big league team called, appropriately, The Wolves. When the club is taken over by K. C. Higgins, Esther Williams, strange and interesting things begin to happen. Namely, bashful Frankie falls madly in L-O-V-E with his boss while his wise-guy chum, Gene, develops an intense dislike for the same dish. To make matters worse, Gene takes more of a shine to four-a-days than he does to four-baggers.

Playing baseball in the day, rehearsing a revue at night, and discovering he's in love with Esther are all too much for the Kelly stamina and he just about loses the pennant for his club. How he saves the series, and restores himself to Esther's romantic thoughts, is out and out hectic hoopla. Other outstanding features are Sinatra's dancing, the clowning of Jules Munshin, and the Amazon antics of Betty Garrett who strangle-holds Sinatra into yelling, "Mama!"

The Undercover Man

Columbia

VERY good thriller about Treasury agents in action and Glenn Ford being the most active of the lot. Through evasion of income tax, Ford hopes to get an underworld czar, who has successfully avoided prison for any of his crimes, behind bars. In doing so, Ford's search for incriminating documents and account books brings him smack into murder. Things get pretty rough, and even Ford's wife, Nina Foch, is ticketed as a potential gang victim. Realizing he's up against unsurpassable odds, Ford is ready to throw in the towel and resign. But a stroke of luck in the form of a battered ledger brought to him by a little girl, convince the agent he should stick to the case. Everything adds up to plenty of excitement, and you might actually get to like these income tax men. (Can that bell??)

Mr. Belvedere Goes To College

20th Century-Fox

CLIFTON WEBB takes over where he left off in "Sitting Pretty," and finds himself engulfed in campus life. Never having gone beyond kindergarten, Webb needs the college diploma to collect a \$10,000 award for his novel and decides to complete 4 years of college in one. Naturally, at his age, Belvedere is bound to make an unusual freshman, and still more unusual waiter at a sorority house. He also gets himself mixed up in the love life of Shirley Temple, who is quite grown-up, and Tom Drake, whose growth ain't been stunted, either. Mr. B's well-organized life is further complicated by Alan Young, his sniffing roommate, but Young gets put in his place, a la Belvedere and a pole-vaulting contest. Lots of fun tied up with a surprise ending.

Tulsa
(Technicolor)

Eagle Lion

SUSAN HAYWARD strikes it rich, and also strikes like a female cobra once she gets her manicured lily white hands in OIL! Black Gold! or, Tycoon Treacle. Goaded by ambition and lust for power through wealth, Susan wrecks the life of her friend, Pedro Armendariz, and just about throws over Robert Preston for a hundred or so barrels of petroleum. Being a manly man, Bob doesn't mind being over the barrel once in a while, but it sure riles him to be thrown over for a barrel.

Not being a simple young thing, it would, of course, take something like a major catastrophe to bring Susan to her senses, so when a fire devastates her oil fields, Susan casts aside her vixen role and sweetly cuddles up to Bob. The oil field scenes in this are excellent, especially when they become a raging inferno, and—ha-ha—oil's well that ends well!

The Younger Brothers

Warners

A SAGA of three brothers, one of whom is Wayne Morris, who want to return to Missouri and lead peaceful law-abiding lives as farmers now that they've finished their jail sentences. But their plans for straight living are stymied by a detective—Fred Clark, who blames the *Youngers* for an accident which left him lame and jobless. He's gunning for revenge and by way of showing it, gets the townspeople against the *Youngers*. While hiding out from the irate citizenry, the boys run into a female renegade, Janis Paige, who wants them to join her in robbing a bank. They turn thumbs down on the idea, and luckily so because the youngest *Younger*, Robert Hutton, gets himself involved in a shooting fracas and kills a man in self-defense. With that, their troubles pile up: Clark is after them, Janis is cooking up a scheme to frame them, and Hutton has the posse after him. Things clip right along to a smash-up finale.

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Little Women (Technicolor)

MGM

BECAUSE most everyone knows the story of Louisa May Alcott's best seller, there isn't much to tell about this latest version except that June Allyson, Margaret O'Brien, Elizabeth Taylor (as blonde Amy), Janet Leigh, and Peter Lawford are in it. June does her share of crying, aided and abetted by her three other sisters, and even Lawford's eyelashes glisten upon occasion. The junior members of your family—especially if they are sweet kids—will think it's peachy keen, and mothers will leave the theatre thinking: "Now, if only my children were. . . ."

Manhandled

Paramount

A SUPER murder mystery starring Dotty Lamour and Dan Duryea. When the spoiled wife of a novelist is found with her skull battered in by a heavy perfume bottle and her jewelry stolen, the police get to work. Although there are a number of suspects, Dotty wins top billing on the list when the references she gave her psychiatrist-employer prove to be false. Not only that, but she hocks one of the stolen pieces of jewelry. The only person who doesn't think she's guilty is insurance investigator Sterling Hayden. To counteract this Sterling character, is Duryea, a first-class skunk using the title of Private Investigator as a front for any foul scheme he can think up—his latest being Dotty's frame-up. He almost succeeds except that he outsmarts himself by killing the only man who can prove he didn't murder the society gal. It's funny and fast with good suspense.

City Across The River

Universal-International

GROWING out of the Brooklyn slums is this portrayal of an erstwhile up-standing boy, Peter Fernandez, who is detoured by the influence of his surroundings—especially his club, "The Amboy Street Dukes." Peter develops into a full-fledged juvenile delinquent when he becomes an accessory in the unpremeditated murder of a high-school teacher. The killer, another teenager belonging to "The Dukes," and Peter grow more and more distrustful of each other until he cracks under the strain and tips off the police to the killer's identity. The main idea of the picture is the case against gangs and "social clubs," as Stephen McNally attempts to point out. This is more for parents than it is for their children.

Song Of India

Columbia

ANOTHER jungle thriller, done to Rimsky-Korsakoff's music of the same name, with Sabu, Gail Russell and Turhan Bey doing the emoting. Not too



Joan Fontaine makes changes with Burt Lancaster's help at the Radio Theatre.

much plot but swell fare for the youngsters. Things start to happen when Turhan misBEYhaves by taking Gail and a hunting expedition into a jungle where hunting has been strictly forbidden. Sabu, prince of the jungle, and his pet sabre-tooth tiger eventually have to give the trespasser his come uppance and that happens on a high cliff. Turhan, like Humpty Dumpty, has a great fall and Sabu and his animal friends go back to peace and quiet.

The Secret Garden (Part Technicolor)

MGM

ENTERTAINING semi-mystery with Margaret O'Brien as a precocious orphan, who radically changes the lives

of Dean Stockwell, a spoiled, pampered invalid, and his morose, half-mad father, Herbert Marshall. The crux behind all the trouble in the gloomy mansion is a walled-up garden into which no one has dared enter for ten years. Margaret, curious as all git out, eventually finds the key to the gate and learns the tragic secret of the garden. Unruffled by what she has discovered, Margaret sets about transforming the desolate garden from a place of unwanted memories into something alive and beautiful. Mr. Marshall and Master Stockwell receive, through Margaret, an overhauling job of equal intensity much against their wishes. Take the whole family to see this.

Saraband (Technicolor)

Eagle Lion

STARRING Stewart Granger as a dashing soldier of fortune who falls in love with a married princess, Joan Greenwood, this is a lavish production of court intrigue in 17th Century Germany. Sponsored by Flora Robson, a countess and the influential mistress of Joan's father-in-law, Granger enters into court life and meets the unhappy young wife of the degenerate prince. Though it is amour at first sight, the two are kept apart through the scheming efforts of Flora, who goes for Granger like a tick for a hound. Unfortunately, Joan and Granger do get to be alone on a few occasions.

The ending isn't what you'd like to see, but history has the habit of double-crossing the nicest people.

Cobina Wright's Party Gossip

Continued from page 10

our stars voted Houston as one of their favorite cities. * * *

AS WE hinted before in mentioning "Hot Pretzels," barn dancing—or rather "group dancing"—has swept Hollywood like the Pyramid craze of a few months back. "Pyramid" members like Mickey Rooney and Audrey Totter, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, Dick Quine, Marilyn Maxwell, Cesar Romero and Martha Vickers all have taken to "swing your partners and circle round again." * * *

SALLY COBB, wife of the Bob who owns all the famous Brown Derbys, has formed a "Barn Dance Club" and they meet every Thursday night—not on a ranch, but in the swank Palm Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel!

The younger set, led by Jane Withers and her husband, Shirley Temple and John Agar, and beautiful Elizabeth Taylor and her friends have all given up "Be-Bop" for tunes like "The Traveling Rogue" and "Ozark Ike," and a sharp fiddle has definitely replaced the moaning sax.

Most of these young couples, like June Allyson and Dick Powell, for example,

take turns inviting the "Hayseed Club" as they call themselves, to their various homes, using rumpus rooms and patios out of doors for their musical round-ups and hoedown sessions. In fact, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz have built a special, covered pavillion near the pool on their Chatsworth estate out North Hollywood way—just for dance sessions, although Desi does insist they have a rumba once in a while. * * *

ANOTHER unusual party idea was started by handsome young radio columnist George Fisher, just for business reasons. He originated the idea of taking a tape recorder around to parties, just to get real party background for his broadcasts.

At the lavish Rodeo Room party which talented young architect, George Hyam, who used to be the dreamboat in Adele Jergens' life but who is now seen everywhere with singing socialite Gina Janss, gave, the idea caught on. Now, many of your stars are coming to parties equipped with a tape recorder and an engineer. Architect Hyam even designed a clever scheme to take movies along with Fisher's recorded interviews and the two Georges collaborate on some fine "productions."

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